

THE WAR CRY.



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

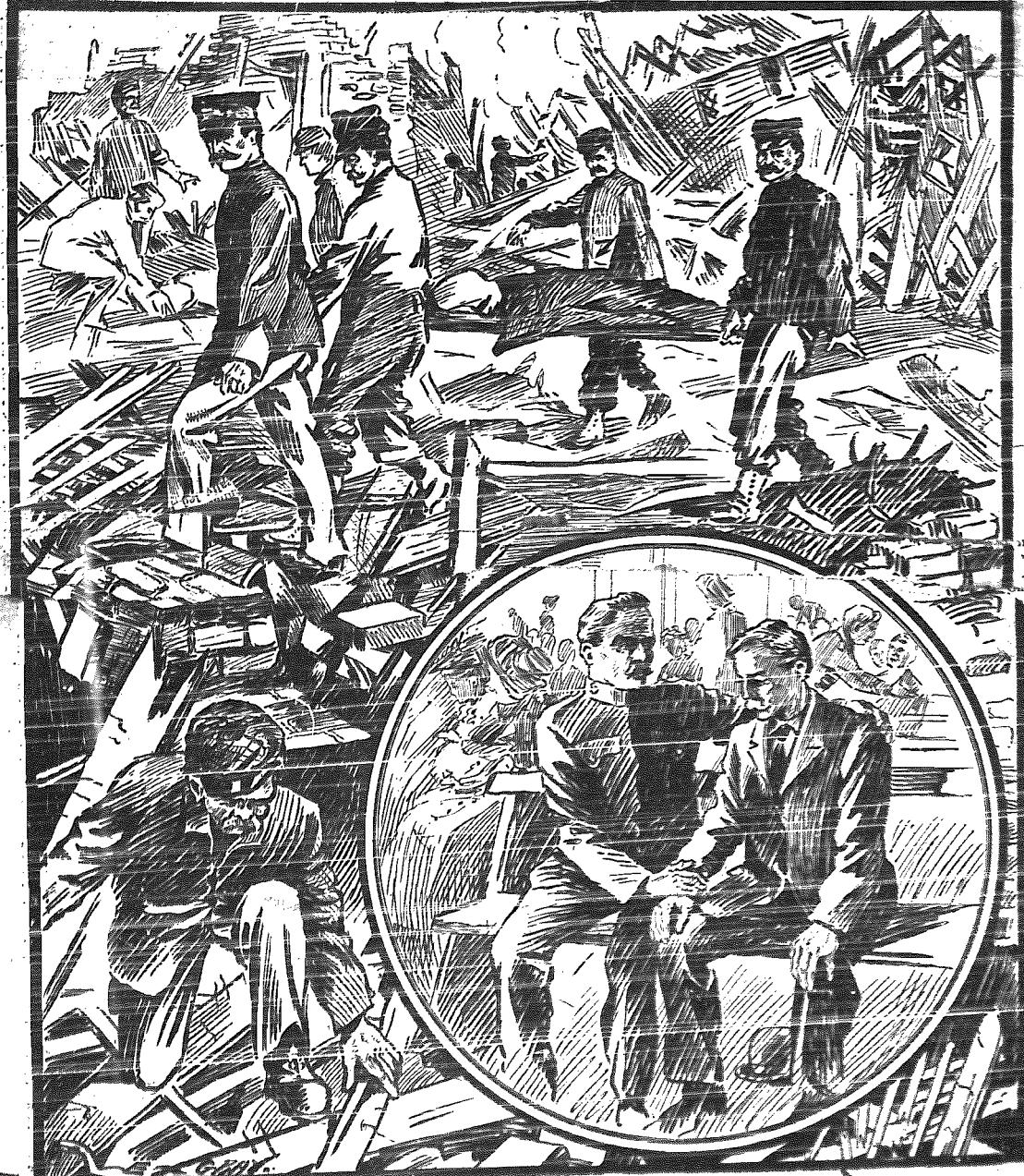
25th Year. No. 18.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, JANUARY 20, 1903.

THOMAS B. COONES,
Commissioner.

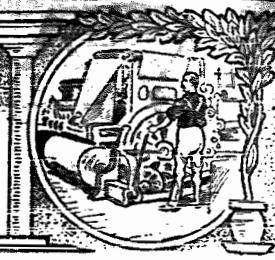
Price, 2 Cents



Recovering the Wounded from the Ruins of Messina, Italy.
The Scene of the Recent Terrible Earthquake, from which Salvationists Can Learn a Great Lesson. (See p. 8.)



Cutlets from Contemporaries.



Loss of Sight

Led Him To The Army.

There is at present in one of our London Shelters, a young man who has certainly small reason to look back with pleasure on some of his experiences in the Empire over the years. By profession a civil engineer, he was serving time in the Government service, being employed on public works at Shanghai, Penang, and Perak, in the Malay States.

While at Perak, he met with an accident which seriously injured the sight of an eye. Hoping to have his sight partially (if not wholly restored), the victim journeyed to Bombay, but to his great disappointment, was in no way benefited by the medical skill available there.

Finally the unfortunate man turned to England, where he arrived not only too late for the attention of the oculists, but absolutely friendless. He was in this woeful plight when received by The Army. — Social Gazette.

An Honest Boy,

And How He was Rewarded.

One wet evening, recently, a little boy of nine years, was gazing his way through the fog and mist of an old cathedral city to the Ju-Jor meeting, when suddenly his foot kicked against something on the footpath.

Shaking off the misty darkness, he could already feel was a purse, with boyish curiosity he hurried to the first lamp post, and there the

young fellow found not one, but six £1 den sovereigns, and a number of silver coins beside. Without a moment's hesitation, he rushed back home with his spoil to his mother, who immediately sent particulars of her boy's heroism to the city police-station.

A few minutes after this was reported, a gentleman ran up the police station over his wife's telephone, and spoke of his wife's misfortune, though expressing little hope of ever hearing again of the lost purse.

However, within the next hour, the little boy's father, who is The Army Officer in command of the Corps of that city, set out with his son, for

the first time to the Ju-Jor.

The young lad was soon found

training the tender twigs. Every reader of this Department will be fully convinced of the utility and wisdom of preventing the Young People from going astray, and engaging their young hearts before the world has wrought them and caught them in its meshes.

The Praying League

Special Topic for Prayer: Pray for the success of the work among the Young People.

Sunday, January 31st.—Power with God. Genesis xxvii. 2-29.

Monday, February 1st.—Reconciliation Week. Genesis xxxiii. 1-16; xxv. 1-12.

Tuesday, February 2nd.—Joseph the Dreamer. Genesis xxxv. 16-29; xxvii. 21-30.

Wednesday, February 3rd.—Canaan Re-venge. Genesis xxxviii. 12-25.

Thursday, February 4th.—Do Right. Genesis xxix. 1-23.

Friday, February 5th.—Prison Interpreter. Genesis x. 1-22.

Saturday, February 6th.—Royal Dreamer. Genesis xii. 1-16.

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OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

This week we ask for special prayer for our Young People's Work. This is very important, and, of course all our readers will agree. We do not need to enter into all the well-known arguments in favor of the value of the young soul, and the necessity of

the gentleman's mansion, and was soon ushered into his beautiful library.

The gentleman looked down kindly upon the fair-haired, open-faced boy, then handed him back one of the golden sovereigns.

"I trust," he said to the father, "you will allow your son to accept this small recompense, and to secure with it something that, in years to come, when he is engaged in the great battle of life, will remind him of this incident of his boyhood. And may he never cease to be grateful to the parents who have so carefully taught him that 'Honesty is the best policy.'—English Young Soldier.

A Pest to Everybody.

How the Devil was Cast Out of an African.

Sergeant-Major Mkenecle, a native Local Officer of South Africa, before his conversion, was a terrible character. He was a terror to everybody in his location. He was a heavy drinker and a great fighter. His poor wife came in for a good share of abuse. He beat her again and again, until her poor body was bruised and sore were abundant. He had an awful temper—was more like a demon than a man.

The poor wife did not know what to do. She was chatwoman for a lady in King Williamstown, and the officers who came to the station—unfinishing her sad story, told something of her broken heart. Although her mistress was a woman of character, she did not feel equal to advise the woman, and therefore said to her:

"You had better consult The Salvation Army Officers—they may be able to help you."

The distressed wife immediately turned her attention in the direction of The Salvation Army, found out the Officer, and with tears and sobs told her story.

The Officer (a woman) listened, sympathised with her, and promised to do what she could for the salvation of her husband, and immediately tackled the woman about her own soul, and asked whether she was converted.

"I attend the service," she replied,

"I hope I'm saved."

training the tender twigs. Every reader of this Department will be fully convinced of the utility and wisdom of preventing the Young People from going astray, and engaging their young hearts before the world has wrought them and caught them in its meshes.

The Commissioner recognises the importance of this work, and, in setting apart such experienced Officers as Major and Mrs. Willard Crighton, showed how he valued it. The Commissioner had a most interesting meeting with the young folk, in his recent visit to Barrie, and many Young People were, doubtless, influenced for eternity by the Commissioner's wise and instructive advice.

NOTICE! The Praying League Secretary will be pleased to hear from any of the Young People, accounts of their conversion, answers to prayer, etc.

A SPEEDY ANSWER.

A very interesting letter came to my hands a day or two ago in response to my appeal in this column for answers to prayer. It is a touch-

the gentleman's mansion, and was soon ushered into his beautiful library.

This did not satisfy the Officer, who questioned her again, and sent her away to pray about it.

In a day or two she came back with

sorrowful countenance and heavy heart, and said, "Captain, no—I find I am not converted; I wish I was."

"Will you pray with me? If you will, I will give God my heart and give up all my sins."

The two went into the buss together, and the drunkard's wife and the Officer knelt side by side, and Jesus received and saved the penitent woman.

The wife and the Officer agreed together to pray for the husband. Visits were paid to him at his home, turned towards The Salvation Army, attended our Little Hall, where his wife and the Officer had the joy of pointing him to Jesus. Bandman and Songer.

the serious sentence by sentence in to Turkish—which is understood of Armenians—as well as Turks. I do not remember the text, but it might well have been of the new regime, "Love one another."—All the World.

Be Ye Doers of the Word.

Holiness Means Everyday Serviceableness

Thousands of men and women of ordinary flesh and blood, live, day by day, up to its high demands. Daily are cleansed by the blood completely. Daily do they accept the purifying of the Holy Ghost fully. The result is that their lives are holy. The tragedy is that so many think holiness, but their lives do not correspond, and so the world considers it a hypocritical pretence.

In India, it is said, educated young men will pass examinations in hygiene, and yet be content to live within the dirty walls of a compound, where every known sanitary law is broken, and where enteric fever, plague, or cholera is rife.

The amazing thing is that so many who profess holiness do not even know how to apply it to the everyday duties of life. They have learned that to be holy was known through the head.

The religious Indians were so ignorant that they had not even heard of the Sabbath, or the Sabbath day.

It is more to talk about holiness, when outside, or unclean indulgence, or indifference, or talkativeness, or trifling, is deteriorating to honest straightforward people.

The world reckons a "holier man up, not whatever he does, his clothes, but in his shirt-sleeves. Of a "holier woman, it is asked, how does she manage her home, and is she easy to live with? During a revival, it was ironically said some time ago, there were men in the district too godly to be coal, but the right name for such "godliness" was hardness. Jewels are prized to-day because they are used for glaziers' tools, for dentists' drills, for granite cutters' saws, and a thousand other practical purposes, and not alone for the power of reflecting the light of heaven which they possess. Holiness, too, is sanctified, everyday serviceableness.

—New Zealand Cry.

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realized that God, in a mysterious way, had chosen me to be the means of answering a poor woman's prayer.

The lady's name is Mrs. _____

Praying that God may bless her.

* *

REMEMBER COLONEL BRENGLE

In a personal letter to General Brengle, wife of a brother-in-law, he had been suffering since returning to New York. Let us pray that our Lord will completely restore him for his coming work in our midst next January. The Colonel writes:

"Pray for me. We were having most blessed soul-saving times when I was called home, during the few weeks in December and January, nearly three thousand souls, particularly young persons and purity. It was an answer to prayer. I have met on my return when on a campaign, and I feel that I saw you by with the Lord, and am only a coworkers with him, and that all I see is in answer to prayer."

The Colonel has promised to send us the stories of answers to prayer. "Young men are the best. These are much more appropriate, I think."

Mrs. Brengle, Mrs. Crighton,

Prayer People's Secretary,

Prayer People's Secretary,

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BEHIND THE PRISON BARS.

The Police Court and Prison Work of The Salvation Army is Heartily Endorsed in a Great Massey Hall Meeting by Mayor Oliver, of Toronto; Warden Gilmour, of the Central Prison; Governor Chambers, of the Toronto Jail, and Chief Inspector Archibald.



Mayor Oliver.

THE meeting, held at the Massey Hall, on Sunday was a splendid success. A very large crowd had assembled to listen to an account of The Army's operations on behalf of the prisoners. The Mayor of Toronto, Joseph Oliver, Esq., occupied the position of chairman, and supporting him were Dr. Gilmour, warden of the Central Prison, Dr. Chambers, Governor of Toronto Jail, Chief Inspector Archibald, and others.

The meeting was opened by the Mayor, who gave out the well-known hymn, "Rejoice the Perishing." Then Lieut.-Colonel Howell prayed, thanking God for the love He implants in people's hearts constraining them to go out and seek to rescue souls, and beseeching Divine blessing on the meeting.

GOVERNOR CHAMBERS.

Miss Margaret Wilson very sweetly and impressively sang the song, "Fearless I Follow," after which the chairman called on Dr. Chambers to read a Scripture portion. In his after remarks he said:—

"In looking over the Bible for a

suitable passage, it occurred to me that nothing more appropriate could be read than the words of our Lord as shown in the 25th chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, beginning at the 31st verse. It is not my purpose, neither is it the expectation, that I should occupy many minutes in any comments I may make on this Scripture. Its meaning must be clear to all; it is the encouragement to labour in all Departments that bring us into contact with the unfortunate, the lapsed, the overthrown, whether in Asylums, Hospitals or Prisons. The encouragement for labour is greater than man can calculate, and the inferred story of the banishment and everlasting loss of those who neglect such possibilities thrown in their way I am sure, is infinitely incalculable. The verses cover all the points of your Christian work, but to-night you have in your thoughts especially the imprisoned, and it is a great privilege and a blessed opportunity to visit the Prison."

The Doctor made very kindly reference to the good work accomplished by Staff-Captain and Mrs. Fraser, in their visits to the inmates of the jail.

Music and song were interwoven into the evening's programme, consisting of selections from the Territorial Staff Band, and a vocal selection by the Staff Band Male Choir, "Throw out the lifeline." Miss Wilson also soloed, "God will take care of you."

The speeches given were most outspoken and hearty, and certainly speak volumes for the character of the work accomplished by The Army in this direction.

THE MAYOR'S ADDRESS.

The Mayor in his address said:—

"When asked if I would take the chair here this evening, I felt a great honour had been conferred upon me in being asked to preside over such a meeting. I have, ever since The Salvation Army started in the City of Toronto—a good many years ago now—it is true—watched with a great deal of interest, the work that has been done by The Army, and I have always felt that it occupied a unique position in the history of our city. We have our grand, magnificent churches, and rightly so, because I am believe in the old-fashioned way of the people, which is that the House of God should in every respect, be equal to the best name of any man who goes to that church. That is the position I have always taken, still, it is possible perhaps, that when we get the Churches a little more elaborate than they ought to be, we fail to secure the attendance of a class of people who are just as much entitled to hear the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, as the man who occupies a little higher position in society, and for that reason I was glad to welcome The Salvation Army in Toronto."

They take hold of a class of people who are not in the habit of going to Church and doing as they ought; but that earnest band of workers going around from house to house and street to street when they find a man down and out, take him by the hand and look after him. But all of us are likely to fall. I doubt if there is any man living who has not some peculiarities, and some special temptation that comes over him now and again, which is very hard to resist. Perhaps he does not resist it, but falls and the society that he travels in may be able to smooth it over and gloss it over. Not so with the ordinary man who is a little lower in the scale. He drops down and everyone points a finger of scorn at him. The Salvation Army comes along with the Rescue Home and other methods of dealing with such people, and the result is that there are a great many men and women in the City of Toronto who can say with all sincerity, "God bless The Salvation Army—they have raised me up from the lowest depths and set me on a pinnacle, where I can look every man in the face and say 'The Lord be praised.' He has been good to me, and has helped me to look up to Him, who came to this earth to seek and save those who are lost." That is the position that I occupy in regard to The Salvation Army. They are doing a work, as I said before, that cannot be done by Churches. This special service you are having to-night, is in reference to the Prison Gate Work of The Salvation Army. I notice the figures are something remarkable, the great number of discharged prisoners that have been helped and reclaimed during the past year by The Salvation Army, is simply extraordinary, but we have with us Chief Inspector Archibald, and we have Dr. Gilmour, men who have been for years especially associated with this kind of work, and it would be presumption on my part to say anything in regard to this special work in the presence of these two gentlemen.

"I simply drift again, to express my appreciation of the great honour that has been done to me to-night, by permitting me to preside over this meeting, and to repeat that I sympathise in every way with the work of The Salvation Army. God bless them. May they go on and prosper from year to year in the future, as they have done in the past."

WARDEN GILMOUR.

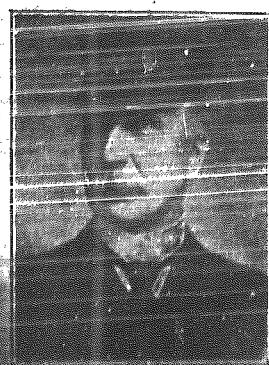
On the Prison Work of The Army.
Ladies and gentlemen.—

"For some years I observed The Salvation Army as we observe the stars—from afar off, but after Colonel Pugmire came to me as he told you to-night, I was brought closely in touch with The Salvation Army Officers and the more I knew of them the more I like them, and now the work they are doing. Peter Haga

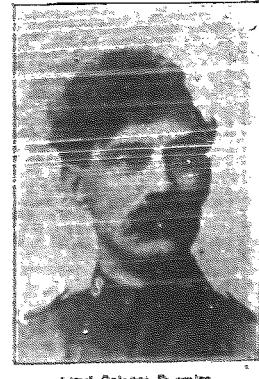


Dr. Gilmour, Warden Central Prison, says that "Where the fall is lowest, charity should be the greatest" and the efforts of The Salvation Army are practical illustrations of that beautiful metaphor. For with The Army, no one is so far sunken in crime, infamy, or vice, but that the Salvationists are willing to go down into the depths and help to lift him up. One of the world's greatest humanists has said that he who despairs is wrong. The Army believes that, and demonstrates it in its daily work. The Army also teaches that the highest duty is to think of others. I know of no more unselfish organisation on the face of God's green earth. There was a time when I thought—when I had a fear—that the Salvationists might be sentimentalists. There are two classes of people that should never have anything to do with the inmates—one is the sceptic who sees no good in them, the other, the sentimental who sees too much good in them.

(Continued on page II.)



Chief Inspector Archibald.



Colonel Pugmire, Secretary for Men's Social Work.

Band Chat.

"Hungered for Hell."

A LIGHTNING SKETCH OF THE GENERAL BY LEIGH MITCHELL HODGES.

The Lindsay Band put in a good day at serenading recently, visiting the Ross Memorial Hospital, the Sanitarium, and the residences of business men.

The Calgary Band was well to the front this Christmas. We were out playing Christmas eve for two hours and a half, and Christmas morning two hours and a half, and were well to the front at the Christmas night meeting, when an enjoyable time was spent. In all, \$125.00 was collected for the Christmas playing.

Captain McGrath, who is still with us, is now working hard to get the boys into shape for a great Band concert.—W. F. G.

We are glad to report that Mrs. McLaren, wife of Band-Sergeant McLaren of Saskatoon, is able to be about again, after a short illness.

Mrs. Captain Coleman, wife of Bandmaster Coleman, of the same Corps, met with an accident recently, which might have proved fatal. As she was being shown some goods in the back part of the Great West Furniture store, she fell through a trap-door, used for going down cellar. The doctor was called, and two stitches had to be put in the back of her head. At the time of writing one stitch has been taken out. We hope she will soon be able to be around again.

Peterborough Silver Band still continues to make steady progress. We have just finished up the old year with our usual serenading, and it has been a great success. The weather was ideal for sleighing and playing—at no time during the playing did our instruments freeze up; this made the effort far easier, and from the planning of the effort to the finish, everything went off O. K. Financially, it was a "bumper success." At the time of writing we collected \$250.00 in cash and expect to reach \$300.00 when all letters are in. This goes to prove that the citizens of Peterborough appreciate the Army and its Band.

We have entered 1909, and Bandmaster Greene, with the Band boys, is determined to make it a banner year.

The Band was sorry to lose Bandsman H. L. Lewis, one of our solo cornets, to Peterborough last fall, St. Thomas' sake. We will him every success in his new home.

The Band was pleased to welcome back Brother Will Lester from Cleveland. He is a great loss in the 1st baritone section.—G. H. H.

On Sunday, January 3rd, Captain McGrath, the Territorial Bandmaster, farewelled, after a stay of six weeks. On New Year's night the Bandmen and their wives sat down to a farewell tea, arranged by the Bandwives, after which a musical festival was held under the direction of Captain McGrath.

During the evening the Band rendered the following pieces: "Vesper Hymn," "Irish Melody," "Jerusalem," "Happy Home," "Hebrew Melody," "Memories of Childhood," and "Lily March No. 2." Captain McGrath also rendered two of his splendid solos. An instrumental quartette by Bandmaster Robinson, Eustance, Horwood, Chaffin and Cooing, two duets by brothers Davidson and Cox; readings by Miss H. Watson; and two songs by our Deputy Bandmaster. In his usual humorous style, brought the evening's doings, and the best musical festival that the Calgary Band has given, to a close.—W. F. G. Band Cor.

Drummer Jenkins, who journeyed Westward from Riverdale a year ago, has returned to the old spot over the Don, and again carries the instrument which produces music by the pound.

Too many think that heaven is empty because they are deaf.

HUNGERED for Hell. I PUSHED into the midst of it—London's East Side. For days I stood in those scuttling streets muddied with men and women, drinking it all in and loving it all. Yes, I loved it because of the souls I saw. I knew I had found my work. One night I went home and said to my wife, "Darling, I have given myself, I have given you and our children, to the service of those sick souls." She smiled and took my hand, and we knelt together. That was the first meeting of The Salvation Army."

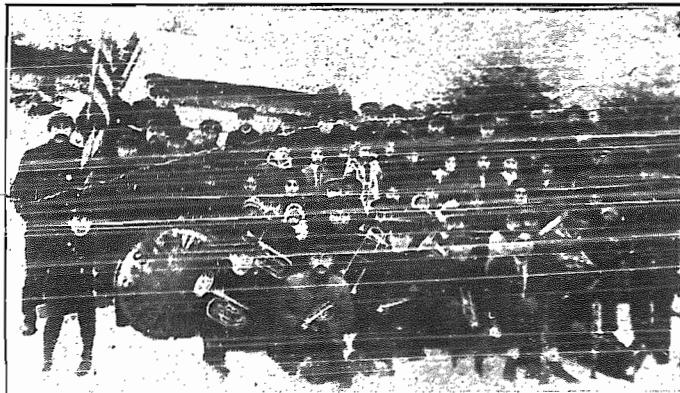
His tired eyes, their cunning half-curtained by great drooping lids, blazed with blue flame as he spoke. His voice a remnant of departing thunder, rumbled like a distant storm in summer. But all is winter now with this old Soldier of Salvation—all save the spirit. The tossed hair and streaming beard which frame his huge Semitic face—they are the hoar-frost of nine and seventy years. That enormous hooked nose is the beak of an eagle, man-eagle long since sated with the sublimities

too would "seek" them, but not in the highways. He would track them into the swamps and sinkholes, the dump-heaps. For this he led his little family to London, in 1881. For this he haunted the nearest approach to Hell on earth—that East Side. For this he knelt with his wife a woman of brief memory everywhere. He always lifts his eyes when he talks to me, as if speaking to her.

Mind you, he was not a failure, seeking fresh soil on which to thrive. His name as an evangelist was high and fixed. He could have got a comfortable living from any Conference. He was a schemer, planning a factory where waste material could be utilized and saved.

Triumphs of the Drum.

In a disused burying-ground on Mile End Road he pitched an old tent. The sentimental will see in this a sign of resurrection from the dead. He chose the place because he could get no other. The tent was his tabernacle. He called it the "Christian Mission." A crowd of poor Whitechapelites drifted into the place the first night he preached, led by curiosity. The East Side had never seen such a "congregation," nor London, nor the world, for that.



Lieut. Kerr, with some of the Kilkenny and Cork Soldiers.

of the thin upper strata and swooping down to snatch broken bodies and searched souls from the ash-heaps of humanity.

Has Shown Men the Dawn.

Tall, spare, unsteady, his head bowed, of bone, Don Quixote with the name of Ezekiel set upon its stooped shoulders. Did he claim reincarnation, he might have called himself Ezekiel. There was more than Ezekiel in something the Servo-benefactor, like him in Ezekiel's Work and Hope! He knows all Oth, all grief, all hurt, yet he sees the sunrise. Surrounded by the dust of defeat and degradation, sunks of sin, fog of falsehood, and clouds of crime, he has shown man a vision of God's clean morning sky on the horizon of hopelessness, as he marched on through the dark world, dragging them out of the darkness and death into light and life.

Like in former the flowing robe and mystery of speech, he might have duplicated the mask of Moloch-med. He is as sure of his providential mission. Who knows but the possibility confronted him in his brotherhood fifty years ago? He was only fifteen when he heard an echo of that voice which came faint on the road to Damascus. Even then he preached as if possessed. William Booth was possessed.

He hungered for Hell. He thirsted for the dregs. A little while he waited. He had enough of routine religion to breed the hope that these would come to satisfy his longing. Waiting, he worked and thought.

One day it came to him that Christ "bought" it to hero. He,

It was just a mess of wreckage cast up by the waves of what we must call Life, because of breath and heart-beats.

He talked to them as such. He told them the old, old story, stripped to the quick of its layers of theology. He worded his message to fit their meager knowledge. Some slept through it all; some sneered and snickered; others listened. A barrier of two and a grumbald cried for shame at their slumber and then for joy at their saving, and thus ended the second meeting of what was to sweep over the seas as The Salvation Army. William Booth went home tired but happier than he had ever been. And now comes the devil at the first throw.

He seized the spoils of this skirmish. They not only went to work with him, but he went to work with them. In their ranks he found the "one" on every ring. He saw how the ears of the devil had grown stony to sounds of church bells which stung into that part of London. He would go at the Devil with drums, and he did.

And the unkind world that had somehow neglected this human off-shoot in its high seats and friendless.

Then when bands of his people went through the streets singing about Jesus of Nazareth, to the tunes of "Bally in our Alley," and "The Old Stone Jug," that soddy world, which still held well aloof from the field, turned of such sacrifice. Its pious respectability was outrun by title "charlatan." Hunter joined the chorus of critics and dubbed his Christianity "carthyand."

Yet you see to-day, gathered to-

gether under the generalship of the same—William Booth, the biggest standing Army in the world—she doesn't stand. In forces ahead, it goes and wins, and winning wherever it goes.

In the last few years we have saved fifty thousand fallen women, said this General to me. He sat straight in the car seat, and the light on his face was something more than the reflection of the gold-laced trees past which the train was running. "They say such women cannot be saved; that they have fallen too far. Women fall farther than men can, because they slip from greater heights. I wish I could show them these fifty thousand as they were and as they are!"

He doesn't care for the honors and compliments heaped upon him by kings and emperors. To dine with Roosevelt doesn't ruffle him in the least. I warrant you he let Queen "doctor" him fast rear more for the sake of not displeasing the old university, than pleasing himself. But if he could only marshal his regiments of reclaimed women before you or me—that would fill him with satisfaction. The way he spoke showed it.

And if he could only find some way to work while he sleeps—that would make him smile. He seldom smiles, and yet he is witty and knows when he sees it.

"Twenty years ago an English physician told me I was worn out. He said I ought to retire to some small parish and spend much time fishing and shooting. God has already given me one of His small parishes—this world—and I have found excellent fishing everywhere. As for shooting, I'm still firing at the devil." He told this during his recent illness, while making his fifth tour of our country.

He believes in a personal God, indeed we do not know when I asked him and taking for granted I differed in this matter from most of your people down there. He believes in a sure-enough Hell, too. He avoids disputes about religion.

The Three Essentials.

"I've no time to argue theology," he says. "Whether Christianity is right or wrong, you must admit that it is the most wonderful force that has ever come along." He will go one step further, and after that you might as well try to wheel against a hurricane. There are three things one must have: Forgiveness of the past, strength to be good in the future, and spirit of love for others. If there is any way to get these except through regeneration by the Holy Ghost, I have yet to find it. Now we have talked enough religion.

"Men need many roads to salvation, and it takes all my time and thought and energy to keep the one I opened in repair."

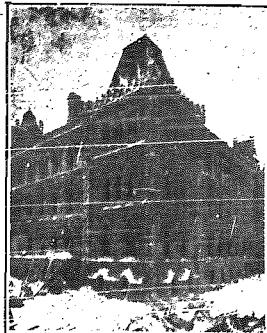
He gives it just that—all his time, thought, and energy. Sometimes he awakes at daybreak, and calls a secretary to take down a thought, a message, an order. On shipboard he has a specially-constructed chair which is tilted back so as to doze. During his recent illness he was forced beyond measure, because he was unable to work on trains and boats.

Intensely practical, General Booth is carried like a crusader across three countries, leaving nothing to chance and mighty little to Providence, grubbing with confidence instead of age-old theories; finding the money and laboring the boundaries, reckoning the risks and taking the sick visitors there in prison and infirmary, the friends—doing it all for free.

"Do you call it philanthropy?" says General Booth. "It is all a means to an end, and that end is the salvation of the individual." Yet he does not regard you with the number of souls he has "saved." Instead, he tells you that last night 22,000 men and women were given shelter by The Army and "hard night" is not night to tell you that ten times that

number are here.

THE WORLD AND ITS WAYS.



New West Wing of the Parliament Building at Ottawa, to be used for Offices, completed in time for the opening of the House on Jan. 20.

Our Water Boundaries.

A treaty has recently been signed between Great Britain, the United States and Canada, for the settlement of international boundaries.

Dependent upon the final ratification of the treaty rests the settlement of numerous complex questions connected with the water boundaries, which have been the source of much disagreement at different times. In them are the regulations of the use of the waters of the Great Lakes, with the secondary, but none the less important question of the diversion of the waters of these boundaries, including Niagara Falls, which is given that of the amount of water to be taken out for power purposes, the navigation of the St. John river between Maine and New Brunswick, and the use of the Milk River, in the North-West.

The treaty is regarded as one of great importance, and the hope is expressed that its effective operation will result in permanently putting an end to the differences between the United States and its neighbours on the north.

The Extreme Penalty.

Owing to public feeling over the increasing number and brutality of the crimes committed throughout the country, the French Parliament, a few weeks ago, passed a resolution that the extreme penalty of the law be again enforced, and four men were publicly guillotined in Paris.

They were members of a bad gang who have been terrorising Southern Belgium and Northern France for years. One of them brutally repulsed a priest who sought to console him.

Capital punishment was abolished in France for many years, but it seems as if such a policy leads to an increase in crime.

The terror of the law is the only preventative for keeping society in a quiet and orderly condition.

"We notice also, that in the night-time those who so brutally murdered Captain Rankin in Tennessee lately, have been sentenced to be hanged. No doubt this will have a salutary effect upon others who may be tempted to take justice into their own hands."

Puzzled the Scientists.

A man has appeared in America lately who puzzles the scientists. At the house of a Boston professor he went through a peculiar fire test. First, he allowed the flames from matches to curl around his fingers. Then he held both hands over a kerosene lamp until the fingers completely blackened the skin.

The man was reached when he poured a glass of alcohol into a basin, set it on fire, and bathed his hands in the blazing liquid for ten minutes, also spreading the flaming liquid over his face and arms.

After this performance, several physicians examined Foskett, and could find no slight trace of a burn

or blister. Foskett told them that the flames did not give him the slightest sensation of burning, and that he felt comparatively warm and painless, nothing more.

Then he performed the greatest wonder of all—namely, that of getting into thin air before them, and gradually reassuming the substance of his body again. Those present were simply spell-bound with astonishment.

There seems to be something of the Hindu fakir about this man.

Self-Denial Gifts.

A call was recently given to the people of New York on behalf of the sufferers of the recent earthquake in Italy. The smallest sum and anything in the way of clothing were requested. This appeal was made to the poor, as well as the rich, in a city where, of the poor, nearly a million are of a race and a religion alien to the sufferers. Yet we read that these poor people contributed "Copers and dimes, old clothes, the shawl from about the woman's shoulders, the threadbare overcoat from the labourer's back. Little gifts. But the copers and nickels grew until they

order on the list, and the total tonnage of all the nations amounts to 18,976,000.

The decrease in sailing vessel tonnage continues. In nineteen years, 1878 to 1898, the total has run down from 11,011,400 to 6,894,000 while in the same period the steam tonnage has increased from 7,778,200 to 20,625,000. The sailing fleet of the Netherlands at one time by far the largest in the world, now stands fourteenth place, with only 74,000 tonnage, while the American sailing fleet is now second to that of Great Britain,

better this when one's own work seems to be a misfit—and probably no one ever lived who has not at some time or another been tempted to feel that about himself. This is part of the very naughtiness of work; it puts taste and life and temper into character and to keep at a thing when only forced self-forcing can hold on to it. Let us be glad that the salt of our life is chosen for us. If we made our own choices we should too often take sugar instead of salt, and the system could not long stand that.

The Power of the Press.

One of our greatest newspaper editors has recently said:

"It is my unqualified opinion that, wielded with prudence, justice, and truthfulness, having the right on its side, and being handled with ordinary compassing and skill, the press is, as the old saying puts it, 'mightier than the sword.' But to be mighty, it need not be free, and to be free it need not be self-restraining and self-respecting."

In the United States and Canada, 1,200 daily papers are published, with a daily circulation of fifteen million copies. Each one, with scarcely an exception, makes it its purpose to further some special phase or interest of society, and none are recognised as being really Christian in their purpose and influence.

The best we have are simply moral in their influence, seldom, if ever, recognising in any direct way Christ and His influence upon the individual and society. Yet every Christian knows that there is a great difference between Christianity and morality.

There is a great need existing for a Christian daily press, an organ of God-loving people. We would welcome a daily paper that would elevate and not debase the thoughts of its readers.

Life's True Aim.

The business of life is to serve God and men, to render personal service, to give personal sympathy, to be kind and generous and unselfish, to control ourselves and to help others to control themselves; to be faithful and duty-doing wherever we are, and at any cost, to set God first in our lives and to get for Him the first place in other lives. Our material task is the shell. The motives and purposes of the shell within are the life, soul, and spirit of the soul within. He called sheep to pay expenses. His life was not cobbling. It was His love and service and propagation of the truth of God.

PRETTY COLD HERE.

Backslider Restored—Lieutenant A. Rives.

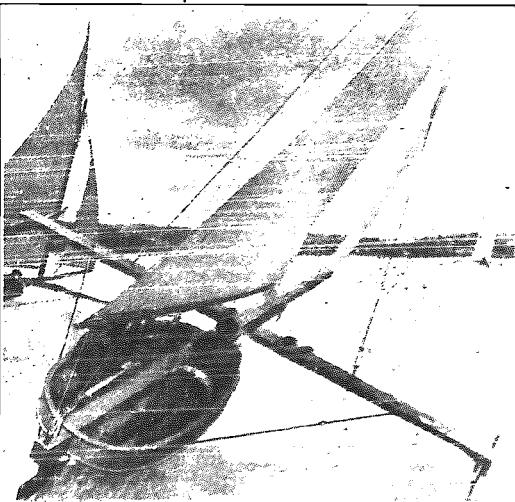
These are cold days in Regina. When the temperature goes down to 40° Fahr. below zero and remains at twenty-five below on an average for a week, well you know it's cold. As a result, the attendants at our meetings have been dressed in their plaid and general cold-weather gear, pretty hot the stores.

Captain Beaman has come to assist our C.O.s, and she has already proved a real joker of strength. There is some "go" about the Captain, and we pray the God may make her stay among us a full year or means of blessing to the unconverted who come to our meetings.

Despite the somewhat small attendance, on Sunday evening, January 16th, there was a good case of conversion, an elderly man, who once loved Jesus and had gone back, returned to the fold. Dat oh, for more! E. H.

SILVATION ON THE STREET.

Belleville.—On Saturday night January 19th, our seventh evangelistic meeting opened. The hall was very interesting, and a great crowd came. In our Hall, where two more scenes followed the Second. Our beloved Revival Bratton is doing well. The Band is making progress, and the services are excellent. Well with the services at Oberlin, etc., etc. All round opportunities are excellent, and especially in our open-air meetings.



A Mile a Minute. (From Collier's Weekly)

weighed many pounds. The old garments came in until they piled ceiling high. And, if the money value, all told, was not very great, coming from these people, they represented more than the millions that the rich might bestow."

Does this not show that the hearts of the people in all lands beat true with kindly emotions, and that, under wise direction they could be led to think how best they could aid and comfort each other in peace instead of how they could destroy and damage each other by war?

The World's Mercantile Fleets.

From shipping statistics recently published, we learn that the world's mercantile fleet tonnage has increased by 2,267,000 net tonnage over last year. Great Britain easily takes the lead in the world, in tonnage, of the mercantile fleet, the tonnage of which totals up to ten million. Germany comes next with a tonnage of 2,257,000, while third on the list stands the United States, with a tonnage of 1,292,000. Norway, France, Japan, Italy, Netherlands, Sweden, Russia, Austria, and Spain follow in

ment forwarding such payments by the regular money order route.

Scientific Dairying.

At the Barbizon Corporation, recently held at Bradford, the Deputy Minister of Agriculture addressed farmers to put their best thoughts and best work into raising and developing the dairy products. Industry ought to be told. "If we could only help," he said. Farmers to grain and dairy on their farms, then use good land, so that the quantity and quality of crops would be better, then send out the old milkhouse cows and have cool rooms to cleanse, then handle the milk properly and equip our factories as we ought, the farmer would be wealth, men and women the most prosperous Province in the Nation."

The Salt of Life.

A life without hard work would be flat and stale. "The salt of life is work," it has been said, and the salt that each one of His most needs is the particular work that God has laid upon that one. It is well to remember

** THE success of the SIMULTANEOUS SOUL-SAVING CAMPAIGN partly depends on you. Are you doing your share?

Our Territorial Cashier

A Glimpse at a Devoted Toiler Behind the Scenes.

Adjutant Maggie Stobbs, the recently appointed Cashier at Territorial Headquarters, is English by birth, but thoroughly Canadian in her upbringing. Her earliest recollections centre around the City of Winnipeg, where she spent many happy years. She was converted when very young, and became a member of the



Adjutant Stobbs.

Methodist Church. Becoming interested in The Salvation Army through seeing an open air meeting and a march, she had an interview with Adjutant Walton (now Mrs. Adjutant Habkirk), with the result that she was given the Articles of War to read over and pray about. Being convinced that God wanted her in the ranks of The Army, she signed her name to the Articles, and boldly stepped out as a Salvationist. That was in 1896. A few months later she was being trained for an Officer under the watchful care of the Adjutant who had first influenced her towards such a career.

Adjutant Stobbs now looks back upon her days of training as a very enjoyable period of her career. Wholeheartedly she had chosen the life of an Officer, and whatever hardships came across her path she accepted as the will of God, trusting that all was for her benefit. To discipline her spirit, and to mould it in fashion her more and more into the likeness of Christ. As a Cadet she had a deep compassion for the blind and ignorant, which manifested itself in many practical ways. Many there are who will sing, "Rescue the perishing," and be carried away with the sentiment of the song for the time being, but who will never put much any self-denying efforts to bring about a rescue. Perhaps there is nothing very sentimental about coming in contact with drunken persons, dealing patiently and faithfully with them, mending them again and again, and yet persevering with them until they get really converted. It is necessary to have more than those sentiments, more even than human love, to do such work; those who would uplift the fallen must have the love of God shed abroad in their hearts. Then they will have faith where others will despair; then they will see possibilities in even the most degraded of human beings, from whom others would turn in disgust, saying they were beyond all hope of salvation.

One night a drunken woman came into the meeting at Winnipeg, and the heart of Cadet Stobbs was greatly moved to go and speak to her.

poor creature was very hardened, and it seemed as if no impression had been made on her heart. The Cadet prayed about her, however, and next day went to visit her in her wretched home. In spite of her entreaties, however, the woman went from bad to worse, and finally got put into gaol. Instead of giving her up, the Cadet saw in this circumstance another chance to speak to her about her soul. She visited the gaol, therefore, and pleaded with her to give up her sinful life, and give her heart to Christ. When the woman came out of gaol she made her way to The Army, and the Cadet had the joy of seeing her kneel at the penitent form and ask God to save her.

After four months training, Cadet Stobbs was commissioned as Lieutenant, and sent to Brandon to assist Adjutant McNamara. Young Officers generally have the battle of their lives at their first Corps, and Lieut. Stobbs was no exception to the rule. In spite of the fact that she had definitely consecrated her life to God as an Army Officer, she was assailed by fierce temptations to leave the path marked out for her. She fought the battle out, and won the victory, and ever since that time she has not had the least desire to be anything else but an Officer in The Salvation Army.

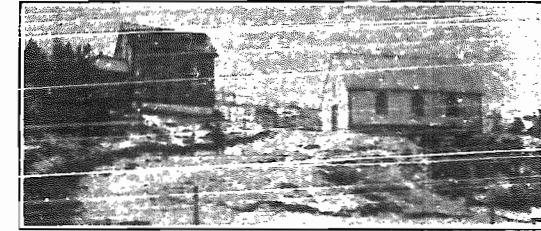
After spending a few months at Brandon, her health proved unequal to the strain of field work, and the way opened for her to be transferred to the Provincial Office at Winnipeg. Since then she has been constantly working behind the scenes devoting during the duties that have been assigned to her. For two and a half years she remained at Winnipeg, and was then transferred to St. John, N.B. Three years later she was sent to Territorial Headquarters as stenographer to the Chief Secretary. She remained in Toronto two years, and then went back to Winnipeg with the rank of Ensign. Two more years passed by, during which she attained to the rank of Adjutant, and then she was recalled to Toronto, to become stenographer to the Commissioner. Her present appointment as Cash-

ier for the Territory is one of great responsibility, and none but a very faithful and devoted Salvationist, entirely consecrated to the War, could ever hope to fill it successfully. This the Adjutant has proved herself to be, and, as in addition, she is an indefatigable worker, we predict for her a very useful future.

A BIG EVENT AT GAMBO.

Captain Tilley and Lieut. Lynn Married by Lieut-Colonel Reta.

We have been having some great times at Gambo. Since Captain Tilley took charge last September a large number of souls have been saved and backsliders reclaimed,



Salvation Army Officers' Quarters and Hall, at Gambo, Newfoundland.

which has brought back life and vigour to the corps. The locals and soldiers are united in faith and determination to have the best winter of their lives. The revival spirit is amongst us. Lieut-Colonel Reta has just been here on a visit. Much interest was created and a good crowd attended the meeting. The people much appreciated the colonel's splendid address. A very interesting event in connection with his visit was the marriage of Captain Tilley to Lieutenant Susie Pyne, late of Little Bay Island Corps. The whole community was much excited, and flags were flying in honour of the happy pair, all around Midgie Brook, Dark Cove, and Gambo. Captain Tilley has endeared himself to the people by the splendid work he has done. The marriage service was very impressive, and the speeches made by the Sergeant-Major and others were all expressive of the keenest appreciation of the Captain's life and work.

The bride was also made to feel

quite at home by the hearty welcome given her by all the comrades and friends. Gambo will keep to the front. God is at work there, and The Salvation Army is becoming a greater power for good every year.

The Day School is thriving under the tuition of Captain Tilley. He is being a Government-graded teacher, as well as a very successful Army Officer and soul-winner.—Seer.

Be Faithful!

The Uses of Trial.

You have been brave and faithful in the past. In the future do not give up the fight. Heaven is not far away—a Heaven for you and me.



Captain and Mrs. R. Tilley, of Gambo, Newfoundland.

Heaven, the place of all places we love to think about, the Celestial City, the place where the angels dwell, it may be that your father or mother, or some other dear one is there. Let us be true, comrades, and we, too, shall dwell with God and the angels. Let nothing hinder.

It may be that into the lives of some of my dear readers has come a great affliction or sorrow, and, like yourself, you have wondered why such a trial should have come into your life. God knows why! A Christian lady had a great affliction. She had been confined to her bed for years. One night she dreamed she saw a beautiful diamond in the hands of a polisher. He seemed to be handling it very roughly. She asked him why he treated it so, and he answered, "To bring out its brilliancy." This diamond is for the King's crown. She awoke to understand better why God allowed her to be so afflicted. Are the hard things of this life strong to shake through the countless ages of eternity? May God grant it may be so!—American Cry.

"The Sword of the Spirit."

An English King's Command.

When Edward VI came to be crowned, they carried before the King arms to indicate his sovereignty over the three Kingdoms—Burke, Ireland, and Scotland, and this young monarch held the weapon resting, and said, "There is one sword lacking." "What is your majesty?" "The Bible, and it is to be preferred before these swords." So he commanded the book with the greatest reverence to be brought and carried before him, preceding him throughout his reign. Tyndale's and Wycliffe's Bibles had been under the ban of Parliament, but this young monarch exhorted the clergy and laity to read and to possess the English Bible as "the special tool of man's soul"—Victory.

He enjoys much who is grieved for little.

Personalities.

Lieutenant-Colonel Howell went to Montreal on January 19th on immigration business, and in connection with the opening of the new Metropole, on January 20th.

Major W. Creighton is shortly to commence an inspection tour in the interests of the Young People's work in Western Ontario.

The Major delivered his first lecture to the Training Home Cadets on Tuesday, January 19th, "Army Y. P. Work," was the Major's subject. Esther Street received a passing visit on Sunday, January 17th.

Ensign DeBow, of the Immigration Department, accompanied the Commissioner on his flying trip to the Land of the Silver Ore—Cobalt—an account of which appears elsewhere in our columns. The Ensign had the misfortune to lose his suit case during travel.

Staff-Captain White, of the Subscribers' Department, has gone to Halifax, N. S., on special financial business. The Staff-Captain will be away three or four weeks.

Adjutant Walker, who a short time ago, was appointed Y. P. Leader at Llegar Street, has now received the position of Junior Sergeant-Major.

A son of Adjutant Allen, of Smith's Falls, has been suffering from an attack of typhoid fever, but we are happy to say he is now recovering.

Captain McGrath reports very good times in connection with his Band instruction tour in the North-West Province.

Captain R. Penfold, late of the Pacific Province, and who is now residing in Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., when to thank the many kind friends and comrades who have rendered him aid, and remembered him before the Throne of Grace during his recent serious illness.

Mrs. Captain Taylor, of Forest, has now almost entirely recovered from the somewhat serious operation which she underwent some weeks ago.

Lieutenant Ellis late of the Toronto Rescue Home has been transferred to our Hamilton Home.

THE FINANCIAL SECRETARY AT DOVERCOURT.

Brigadier Scott Poller conducted special meetings at Dovercourt from Thursday, January 14th to Sunday, January 17th. On Thursday night, after a splendid meeting, three persons asked for prayer, and one sought salvation at the mercy seat. Both Friday's and Saturday's meetings were exceptionally well attended. One soul sought a deeper work of grace on Friday night.

On Sunday the Brigadier was ably assisted by Captains Palmer and Pegmire. At night, after a stirring salvation address by the Brigadier to a well-filled Hall, five souls came to the front for salvation.

Staff-Captain Hay led on at Owen Sound during the week-end January 16-17. The meetings were full of power and blessing, and many souls were under conviction. Seven surrendered at the mercy seat. A. M.

Salvation is of the Lord.

BY THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF.

SALVATION is of the Lord, or not at all.

It is a touch; a revelation; an inspiration; the life of God in the soul. It is not of man only, nor of that greatest of human forces—the will of man, but of God and the will of God. It is not the mere will-work, a sort of "self-raising" power—it is a redemption brought home by a personal Redeemer; made visible, tangible, knowable to the soul redeemed in a definite transaction with the Lord. It brings forth its own fruits, carried with it the assurance of its own accomplishments, and is its own reward. It is impossible to declare too often or too plainly that Salvation is of the Lord.

1.

And yet, around us on every side are those who are relying upon something short of this new life. They have set up a sort of human virtue in the place of the God-life. They are slowly mastering their disordered passions. The base instigations of their lower nature are being thwarted. Greedy appetites which reign in others are in them compelled to serve. Tendencies to cunning and falsehood, the fruits of which are only too apparent in the world at large, they watch and harass and pinch. Amorous, and jealousies, and envies—those enemies of all kinds of

duity—with all these excellencies they may yet be dead while they live.

"That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." Generous, lovable, dutiful, honourable flesh, but only flesh. A chaotic, and, if you like to have it so, a useful life, but lifeless. A fine province of a lifetime of labour in the culture of the physical, intellectual, and moral powers, but, after all—dead. For "He that believeth not in the Son of God hath not life."

II

In this view the body, and in a larger degree the mind, becomes a sepulchre for the soul. All the attention given to education, to refinement and culture, to the development of gifts—for instance, such as music or inventive science—to the practice of self-restraint, and the pursuit of morality, is so much attention to the casket that will perish, to the neglect of the eternal jewel that is enclosed. It may be possible to present a kindly, honest, law-abiding, agreeable life to our neighbours; to go through business and family life without finding anything of great moment with which to condemn ourselves; to be thought, even by those nearest to us, to be living up to a high standard of morality, and yet—for all this has to do with the casket only—to be dead all the while in trespasses and sins.

The young man who should spend

WHAT ABOUT THE UNSAVED? Do they attend your meetings? If not, ask yourself the question: Why not? and act accordingly.

peace—are repressed, if not con-

his fortune upon his tomb would be scarcely so great a fool as he who spends his life on those things in himself which are temporal, to the neglect of those which are eternal. Only think of the absurdity of devoting the splendid energy of youth and manhood, the grand force of will, the skill of genius, and the other gifts which commonly men apply to their own advancement and success to the adornment, enriching, and extension of one's grave!

And yet this is very much the case of those of whom I am thinking. All their advances, whether in moral attainment, in personal achievement, or in worldly advantage, are at the best, but embargos and admonitions of a tomb—a tomb destined to perish!

(To be continued.)

UNITED GATHERINGS AT VANCOUVER.

On New Year's Day, a solemn gathering was held at Vancouver H. It was conducted by Major and Mrs. Morris, and was a soul-stirring meeting.

On January 16th, the two Corps were again united, when the P. O. was assisted by a few of the No. 1 Bandmen, led on by Bandmaster Redburn. A host of Soldiers from Nos. I and II Corps were also present. We had a grand salvation time. An inspiring spirit of freedom was felt. The city Officers assisted. Greater things are ahead of us. A distinguishing No. II Corps, under the command of Captain Thompson and Captain Pearson.

BRIGADIER ROBERTS FAREWELLS FROM THE EAST.

Twelve Souls at the Cross.

A glorious weekend is reported from St. John I., N. B., with twelve souls. On Friday night, January 13th, a farewell was given Brigadier Roberts, also Captain White, by a gathering of the city Corps at the No. 1 Citadel. Colonel Turner presided, assisted by Mrs. Turner, Major and Mrs. Phillips and other city Officers. Next to "Well done" of the Master, must be the bearing of testimonies such as were given that night. How the Brigadier had been a blessing, both to Seniors and Juniors. They came from the Colonel and others on the platform, and also from the audience.

Captain White received many expressions of love, and the high esteem in which he was held by the Colonel, Staff Officers and Soldiers.

Saturday evening was a gracious time, at No. 1, when six souls, one a man seventy-two years of age, came out to seek God.

God was with us Sunday. Two souls sought sanctification in the afternoon, and the meeting closed at night with four more, making ten for salvation and two for sanctification. The Band is making progress under Bandmaster Allison.—Edith J. Letter, y. War Cry Col. St. John, I.

BRIGADIER MOREHEN VISITS STELLARTON.

Conducts a Wedding and a Soul-Saving Campaign.

(By Wire.)

A very Special event took place at Stellarton recently, when Brother Thistle and Sister Turner were united in marriage by Brigadier Morehen. The Hall was filled, and there was not even standing room for many who desired to enter.

The Brigadier gave some sound advice to the young couple on married life.

The meetings on Saturday and Sunday were ahead of anything that has touched Stellarton for some time. The talk of Mrs. Morehen were very inspiring, and the Brigadier's Bible lessons were of the most helpful nature. There were twelve seekers during the campaign.

Captain Galway has things well in hand, and the Soldiers are encouraged. Faith runs high to greater things yet.—Ensign Jaynes

FAREWELL MEETINGS OF MAJOR AND MRS. PHILLIPS.

(By Wire.)

A series of successful and affectionate farewell meetings were conducted by Major and Mrs. Phillips at Hillside, New Glasgow, and St. John. The meetings were full of interest and blessing. The Major's Bible readings and dala appeals were full of earnestness and will long be remembered.

They carry with them the earnest and respect of all who know them. Eastern comrades and friends send their parting love and good wishes.—Mark.

It is unusual for a Christian band to be larger than his band.

THE WAR CRY.

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GAZETTE.

Promotions—

ADJUTANT WILLIAM WHITE, to be STAFF-CAPTAIN.

Ensign William Hancock to be ADJUTANT.

Ensign Harvey Banks, to be ADJUTANT.

Captain Mary McKim, to be Ensign.

Lieutenant Anne McLean, to be Captain.

Lieutenant Olive Boorman, to be Captain.

Lieutenant Ambert Boyd, to be Captain.

THOS. B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

A WORD TO SALVATION SOLDIERS.

On our front page we give a pictorial representation of the rescue work that is being most energetically carried on at Messina, in Sicily. According to latest news, horror succeeds horror, and earthquake is now being followed by fire and flame. But the terrible tale of death, devastation and human woe that comes from ill-fated Italy is followed by the phenomena of courage and devotion that is exhibited by the rescuers. Here is a paragraph taken from the morning's paper of the day on which we write:—

"The Duke of Genoa is at present here working in the interests of the survivors, i. e. made a heroic rescue to-day of a fainted woman, who insisted upon forcing her way into a burning pile of ruins to save her husband, who she declared was being burned alive. He dragged her back from the flames, and eye-witnesses declare he is now lost his own life in doing so."

Now, it is impossible to read of those heroic tales without feeling that we, we hear the name of Christ, could not emulate the daring and devotion of these soldiers in their endeavours to save human life. We who profess to be co-workers with Christ are engaged in pulling human souls from the eternal burning. Do we, at the risk of disquarding our own comfort, feelings and nervous temperament, endeavour to save souls? Do we spend a reasonable amount of time and strength in persuading men and women to flee from the wrath to come? We write this editorial with the memory of certain Corps before us, where the Soldiers are inclined to sit and look on. Where the praying is left to a mere handful, and the personal dealing to the Corps Officer and one or two Locals. This is not all things should be. The spiritual life of a Corp is not by any means to be judged by the numbers that compose the band, or the good singing of the Songsters, the amount of uniform worn, or the bigness of the crowds, but one unmistakable evidence of spirituality is the amount of passion for souls that is manifested. God has not only called us to a pure life, but to a life of service for others, and no matter how we



TO NON-FIGHTING SALVATIONISTS.

"He that Converteth a Sinner From the Error of His Way Shall Save a Soul From Death and Hide a Multitude of Sins."

may be from the committal of what is generally regarded as sin, the refraining from helping a soul when it is in our power to help, will be remembered against us, for God's word clearly says, "to him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin." Do not let us lose sight of this most important phase of a Salvationist's duty, but with all one heart go in to lead some soul to Christ in the prayer meetings, either by persuading persons to seek Christ or by praying for God to pour out His Spirit of conviction upon them.

THE ITALIAN EARTHQUAKE.

Salvation Army Rescuers.

A small party of Officers, including Commissioner Cosandey, Brigadier Jeanmonod, Major Doctor Turner, and Staff-Captain Paglieri, have proceeded to Naples, with the object of rendering whatever assistance may be possible to the sufferers from the recent earthquake. Major Turner has taken with him a supply of surgical dressings and instruments, etc. The Italian Ambassador in London, gave a letter of introduction to the Protect of Naples to our Officers.

SIGNS OF PROGRESS.

Since Captain James and Lieutenant Mayo have arrived in Trent River, we feel that the revival fire has been kindled. We had the joy of seeing six souls decided at the mercy seat last Sunday night, thus making sixteen souls since our new Officers came here. They have had the barracks painted and fixed up. On K. last Sunday when a man who left the Hall had to return and seek salvation.

New Glasgow.—One soul recently found salvation. A united meeting held two weeks ago, also saw the salvation of another soul.

Major Phillips was with us on January 12th, and gave us a farewell talk.

Comm'r Cadman's The General's Sight.
MONTREAL CAMPAIGN.

CONTINUED PROGRESS.

Sixty-nine at Mercy Seat For Holiness and Salvation.

Commissioner Cadman has finished his Montreal campaign which has been the means of stirring up the hearts of our own people and infusing new life into all who took part in the meetings. A number sought the Baptism of Fire, and it seemed as if each meeting added fuel to the flame that had already been kindled.

On Thursday night, the Commissioner related his life story to a splendid crowd, and many practical lessons were taken from this very wonderful and inspiring lecture.

Five souls came out at the close of the Commissioner's lecture at Point St. Charles on the Wednesday night. Here the Soldiers and friends enjoyed to the full the rousing of his early day victories. No serious effects followed the hearty laughing of the crowd.

Sunday was a red-letter day at No. 1. The effect of the week's meetings was seen upon the Bandmen and Soldiers, and a battle for souls raged all day. At night the Commissioner depicted very vividly the story of the "Rich man and Lazarus" giving an originality to it which is both heart and soul, that there was no mistaking the warning meant for the ungodly in the parable. The results for the day were eleven souls for salvation at night, and five in the morning for confirmation. Amongst the number was an policeman, a bachelor from Berlin.

Altogether, fifty-nine souls have come out for salvation and the blessing of holiness during the Campaign. The Provincial Commander and Staff assisted at all the meetings.—Chancellor.

All our gifts without the great first gift are here.

There are always stars somewhere to those who look up.

When Mr. Higgins, the General's principal surgeon, saw him in the middle of the week, he said, "Doing surgery. Nothing could be better."

That, of course, related to the eye and its condition and progress. Nothing has occurred since to hinder that progress, and we are thus able again to make a good report.

The gradual incoming of the light is now facilitated by the use of large smoked glasses. For the present they are a great success, and enable The General to look about him, even with the eye so lately operated upon, with a considerable degree of comfort.

As to the general condition, this has also improved somewhat during the last few days. The General is sleeping better with the corresponding refreshment and vigour of mind and body. We hope for still further improvement in this respect.

All this gives good ground for expecting that last week's prophecy will be fulfilled, and that we shall have our dear Leader again in the fighting line with the general staff.

Let me praise God for his great goodness and acknowledge that it is His gracious hand on The General to which we owe these blessings.

The General & Mrs. Higgins were to thank all who have inquired after his welfare, or have sent him messages of sympathy and cheer. Let us pray God's blessing on his health.

Major and Mrs. Phillips and family have arrived in Toronto, apparently with good health and high hopes. They arrived just at the moment of going to press, so concerning their welcome and the manner in which they have been received in the midst of the Headquarters Staff, will be told next week. That they will have a hearty welcome goes without saying.

Headquarters Notes

If the Commissioner keeps up the travelling average of January throughout the year, he will not be below his customary thirty thousand miles a year; for, after arriving at Headquarters last Tuesday morning, from his flying trip throughout New Ontario, he, after a most strenuous day, left at night, with the Chief Secretary, for Montreal, where he will conduct special meetings in connection with the opening of the splendid new Metropole we now have in that city.

* * *

This Hotel-Metropole, is a most imposing affair, and from what we can gather, the next War Cry will contain a series of splendid photographs of it, and a full descriptive account of the opening proceedings. We understand that the Hon. W. A. Weir, Treasurer for the Province of Quebec, will declare the building open, and that a very influential gathering of Montreal citizens will signify their appreciation of The Army's action in this matter.

* * *

The Commissioner, accompanied by the Chief Secretary, Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, and the Staff Band, conducted a special meeting at the Central Prison last Thursday. The men in the striped garb thoroughly enjoyed the music and the Commissioner's manly, heart-to-heart talk. The Warden was also as felicitous as usual in his remarks. By the way, we heartily commend to our readers the report of Warden Gilmour's eloquent and interesting address, which he gave in the Massey Hall, and which is to be found in this issue.

* * *

The Commissioner, the Chief Secretary, and Lieut.-Colonel Howell, visited the Parliament Buildings at Toronto last week, and had a very cordial interview with the Prime Minister and other statesmen, concerning a matter which may have a very important bearing on The Army in this country. We hope to have something more to say about it later.

* * *

Maj'r Wilfrid Creighton has been made a member of the Candidates' Board. So many of the Young People and Corps Cadets are now becoming eligible for Officership, that the Young People's Secretary has become a necessary person in connection with Candidate deliberations. By the way, young comrade, are you a Candidate for Officership? You should be, the God-given opportunities that are all around us form a deep, earnest cry from the Saviour of men, for all to help Him.

* * *

The next Province to be inspected by the Chief and Field Secretaries, is the West Ontario Province. All the D. O.'s will be present at the Inspection, and we hope that Colonel Sharp and his Divisional Officers will make as good a showing as our other Provincial comrades have done.

* * *

It will be interesting to our comrades to know that Staff-Captain Myres has been transferred to the United States. The Men's Social Work in that Territory employs some thousands of horses, and our comrade's well-known veterinary skill will make him of great service to The Army over the border. A letter from the Staff-Captain still expresses sentiments of gratitude for the kindness shown to him at the time of his sad bereavement.

THE COMMISSIONER IN NEW ONTARIO.

Col. and Mrs. Mapp

AT PETERBOROUGH.

A Splendid Week-end.

Colonel and Mrs. Mapp spent the last week-end at Peterborough, and had a thoroughly enjoyable and rousing time. Present with the Chief Secretary was the Provincial Officer, Brigadier Hargrave.

A splendid crowd was present at the first meeting on Saturday night, who gave the visitors an enthusiastic welcome. The hearty atmosphere that prevails appealed to Colonel and Mrs. Mapp right away, and they enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

At the morning holiness' meeting a real spiritual feast was experienced, and three came out for the blessing of a clean heart.

An official welcome was accorded to Colonel and Mrs. Mapp, on this, their first visit to the city. The meeting being under the presidency of the Mayor, who spoke appreciatively of The Army's work. The Hon. J. R. Stratton, M.P., was very outspoken in his admiration of the movement. As will be imagined, Colonel and Mrs. Mapp acquitted themselves well in their replies and a very enjoyable meeting was experienced.

The night's meeting was packed with a most intelligent and sympathetic crowd, who listened with great interest to the addresses of the visitors; two souls came to the elders.

The Chief Secretary was very pleased indeed with Peterborough Corps; its excellent Brass Band, splendid Juniors' Work; its enthusiastic uniformed Soldiers, and splendid congregations made a great impression upon him. Staff-Captain Walton, the Commanding Officer, has a great opportunity there, and will, no doubt, make full use of it.

PROSPECTING IN MEXICO.

Colonel Wright Favorably Impressed.

Colonel Wright, when passing through El Paso, Texas, surprised the local Corps by joining their open-air at a street corner. The Colonel sang a song and gave a straightforward salvation talk for a quarter of an hour. The races were on in the city, and the audience was a typical crowd of cowboys, booted and spurred.

The Colonel then crossed the border in Mexico, where he is prospecting for The Army. He writes from Chihuahua, which is a flourishing town with fine brick buildings. The domes of the poor however, are built of unburned bricks of large size; these are single storied and thatched, often with earthen floors.

The winter climate is very pleasant, bright sunshine during the day, was a little drizzling cold in the evening and the early mornin'. It was quite comfortable out of doors without an overcoat.

The Colonel had an interesting interview with the President of Mexico, at the capital city. The Colonel strongly urges that Officers should be sent as soon as possible to commence Salvation Army work in that country. He feels sure that a great work could be accomplished.

Four souls sought salvation at North Sydney, on Sunday. January fourth. Marion and Mrs. Wedge are our leaders—M. Fife.



THE Commissioner's flying trip from Orillia to North Bay, taking in Midland, Bracebridge, and Cobalt, has been a brilliant success so far as crowds, enthusiasm, financing results and advancing. The Army is concerned, whilst quite a number decided to serve God, or to renew their consecration vows. It has been an interesting trip. At times the temperature was forty-one degrees below zero, but this did not prevent the people from filling the largest Churches and buildings that could be secured.

At Orillia and Cobalt the Opera Houses were crowded, whilst at North Bay hundreds were turned away, and some offered, in vain, four or five dollars for admission.

This trip has meant a fresh town every night, and some idea of the rush may be gathered from the fact that the Commissioner and his devoted assistant, Staff-Captain Morris, entered North Bay at half-past six, and pulled out of the town at half-past ten, but in that time, a magnificent crowd had looked with rapt attention upon the wonderful scenes of "From Bethlehem to Calvary," and twenty of them had decided either to start for the Kingdom or to give themselves afresh to God. The lantern paraphernalia had also to be put up and taken down again, and stowed on the train, so that it will be seen that the trip though so successful, has been an exhausting one.

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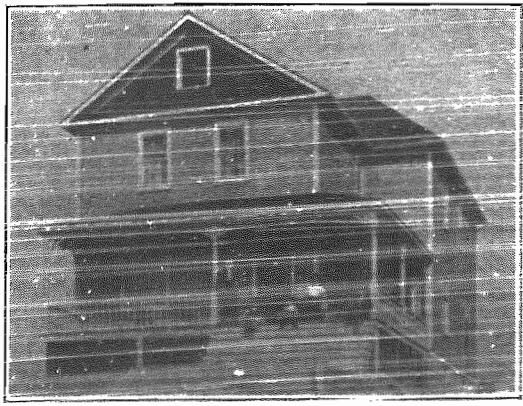
Sunday was spent at Cobalt. The Corps is in a flourishing condition, and some splendid meetings were held. In the afternoon the Commissioner delivered a lecture in the



Mayor Laing, Cobalt,
Who Presided at the Commissioner's
Meeting.

Opera House, over which the Mayor presided. A splendid crowd assembled and the result of The Army's achievements in the direction of advancing the Kingdom of God, was listened to with great delight and profoundly impressed the hearers. At night the building was crammed, and twenty-five came forward to give themselves to God and His service.

The Commissioner was the guest of the Mayor and Mrs. Laing at Cobalt. Our Leader was very much impressed with the progress and prospects of that city. He also visited one of the silver mines, and, no doubt, has provided himself with some striking illustrations to adorn and point future discourses.



The Mayor's Residence, Cobalt—Where the Commissioner was Entertained.

During the past week, two very interesting little functions have taken place at Headquarters, these being the farewells of Brigadier Collier and Staff-Captain Arnold. They were conducted by the Chief Secretary, in the Council Chamber, and the addresses that were made, by repre-

sentative comrades and replied to by the outgoing comrades, gave a splendid insight into the cordial relationships that exist amongst the Headquarters Staff. We earnestly desire the best of blessings, and abundant success will attend the labours of our comrades in the West and the North-West.

The Week-End's Despatches.

There is Excellent Reading Again in the Reports This Week.

WHAT HIGHER AND HAPPIER WORK CAN THERE BE THAN SAVING SOULS?

If You Have Never Had the Joy of Leading Souls to Christ, Begin Now and Get the Experience.

MRS. COLONEL SHARP AT WINDSOR.

GOOD ALASKAN NEWS.

Fourteen Souls For Week-End.

Windsor, Ont.—Mrs. Colonel Sharp and Sergeant-Major Ward, of London, conducted the week-end meetings on 16th and 17th inst. Their visit was a source of inspiration and blessing to all who attended the meetings, and great were the rejoicings at the close of Sunday night's prayer meeting (11.30 p.m.) over fourteen souls who knelt at the cross during the week-end—eight Seniors and six Juniors.

Five children were dedicated to God and The Army in the afternoon meeting, and Sergeant-Major Ward gave a brief sketch of his life, which made a deep impression upon all who were there.

Mrs. Colonel Sharp conducted the memorial service at night, of Brother Bond. The "Dead March in Saul" by the Band, and Mrs. Colonel Sharp's talk on "Empty Places," will not soon be forgotten. God was divinely near during the whole weekend—Band Sergeant.

EDITORIAL STAFF AT RIVERDALE.

Brigadier Bond, and the Editorial Staff spent the week-end at Riverdale. The Corps appears to be in good condition, and the crowds were capital, despite the stormy weather. The congregations, we understand, enjoyed the special addresses, the pictorial presentation of salvation facts, and four sois came to the mercy seat.

THE FIRST LANTERN SERVICE.

On Thursday, December 10th, Little Ward's Harbour was favoured with a Christian from Ensign Oxford, the worthy D. O. The Ensign gave a lantern service, which was very much enjoyed, it being the first ever held there. There was a very fair attendance considering the unfavourable weather. We were surprised to see the Ensign, who had quite a rough journey, but should like to see him again soon.—E. J. O.

Rocky Harbour.—On a recent Sunday night, a young man with tears streaming down his face, staggered out to the mercy seat. He was followed by his two brothers, and two of the three found salvation. We are believing and praying for the other brother.—R. B.

Woodstock, Ont.—Since Ensign and Mrs. Baird's arrival here, we have had some real soul-saving and soul-stirring times. During the week-end January 16-17, two souls were saved, and on the Monday night, five more found pardon.—R. B.

SERGEANT-MAJOR GOES TO TRAINING HOME.

ALL ROUND PROGRESS

At the Railroad City.

God is with us at Pilley's Island, Newfoundland. Some of our comrades are away, yet we are going in to do our best for God and souls.

On Sunday night, we held a farewell meeting, when Sergeant-Major Joseph Anthony said good-bye. He has been Sergeant-Major of this Corps for several years, at the time of his commission, being the youngest Sergeant-Major on the Island of Newfoundland. He goes to the Training College to be trained as an Officer of the good old Army. He spoke of the way God stood by him since he gave his heart to Him, and urged those present to take up their crosses and follow God, also telling the comrades to be true to the Christ of Calvary.

We are praying that God will bless him and make him a successful soul-winner. We believe God is going to save those whom His Spirit has been striving with, and praying that the careless and indifferent ones will be led to cry "What must I do to be saved?"—S. N. E.

THE ROLL IS INCREASING.

There is a spirit of progress at Hamilton III. Captain Chastell and Lieutenant Walter are doing well, and have been having very good meetings of late. Three converts came forward last week. On Sunday, January 17th, five Soldiers were enrolled, and five new comrades were welcomed, transfers from other

FIVE FOR A CLEAN HEART.

Long Point.—The souls came under the blessing of a clean heart during the last week in the year 1909. On Sunday, January 3rd, we had a re-enrolment, when two comrades took their stand under the flag. We also had the privilege of having as Captain Woodland, from the 8th Shuter, and Sergeant-Major Max from St. John's IL

FIVE CLAIM PARDON.

God has been working at Cobourg. At the watchnight service, as the clock was striking twelve, one soul came forward and knelt at the mercy seat.

Last Sunday we had the joy of seeing three young women come out and claim God's pardon. They have now turned out to all the meetings.

On Saturday a young man got converted. We are praying and waiting for a revival.—J. C. W. S.

We are having good times at Southwoodsville. Our watchnight service was a splendid time. The brother was so happy that he had to shout while we were in the church. We had a beautiful musical march, returning to the barracks to pledge ourselves more than ever to stand by the dear old Flag.—S. S.

On December 26th, from morning till late at night, we had God's presence felt at Port Blandford. The comrades worked hard for souls and victory came. At close we replaced one, two souls returning to the fold. Our Soldiers stand here to wait in a prayer meeting.

Newcastle.—Three sisters recently sought salvation at this place, two of them being the wives of the men who also sought salvation at the watchnight service. Most recently, by many who

Forty-Eight New Converts.

We have had wonderful times at Killiecrankie, Alaska, Adjutant R. Smith, our D. O., paid us a visit with fifty-seven Soldiers of the Kiska Corps. The first meeting saw five persons at the mercy seat, and till the Adjutant left on Christmas Day, thirty-five souls sought God. And this is not all, although the Adjutant is away now, we have had thirteen since his visit. Some of our worst enemies, as we thought, have come to us and acknowledged their wrong. The Kiska Soldiers are a lively lot of people, and spiritually, very fine. Sergeant-Major Nuton deserves credit for his ability and hard work. Thank God for a total of forty-eight converts.—W. Kerr, Lieutenant.

PROVINCIAL OFFICER'S VISIT.

Thirteen Seekers.

Portage La Prairie.—We were delighted to have with us our Provincial Officer, Brigadier Burdett and

I'm not much use, I'm so nervous; I can't speak six words in public; can't sing a note, nor play any kind of instrument; I can't do much in the way of soul-saving. Yes, you can! You can bring unconverted friends to the meetings for others to convert.

Ensign Taylor, for the week-end January 9th and 10th. God came very near to us in the holiness meeting, when eleven souls volunteered to the front for the blessing of a clear heart, and one for salvation.

In the afternoon one came out for salvation, and one more, at night, making thirteen for the day.—Perry.

Lunenburg, N. S.—During the past week, we have had the joy of seeing seven precious souls at the foot of the cross, crying for pardon. Some of them are taking their stand in the open-air, where crowds are very good.

Major and Mrs. Phillips, recently conducted the opening service of the St. John V. N. S., new Hall. Some real good times are being experienced now, and Ensign Taylor and Lieutenant Liddle are working harder than ever for the salvation of souls.

Two souls have come to Christ recently at Port Blandford, and their chains of sin have fallen off. There are signs of revival here, and God is moving upon the hearts of the people. Our faith is high.—Lieut. Dickie.

Tilt Cove.—On Sunday night three souls stopped into the fountain and were cleansed. A Hallelujah dance wound up a glorious day with God.—G. Thomas.

GRAVENHURST.

Special meetings were held here on Sunday, January 6th; Lieutenant Plumtree was welcomed, and Cadet Clayton farewelled. At night one soul sought salvation.

BOOSTING THE CRY.

First Service at Almshouse.

The Christmas Cry sold out quickly at Shelburne, N. B., and the many expressions of praise concerning this beautiful paper, go to show that it was well appreciated. Special mention must be made of our faithful comrade Brother Wilson, who, like the disciples of old, left his work behind and travelled out into the country, selling ninety-five copies of the Christmas Cry.

On New Year's Day, Adjutant Lorimer conducted the first S. A. service ever held at our Almshouse. In simple language, yet full of sympathy and feeling, the Adjutant talked to these poor and unfortunate people, of the great love of Christ for them. At the close of the meeting many hands were raised for prayers, while others cried aloud to God for mercy.—M. Wilson.

UNIQUE QUARTERS.

Concerning The Army's meeting held in Fort William, by Ensign Grego, a local paper says:—

"Public religious meetings in a tent with the thermometer forty below zero outside, are rather unique, but this is the way the Fort William Salvation Army is making shift this winter in the absence of a proper meeting hall. A representative of the Morning 'Herald' visited the tent yesterday morning, and was shown about by the Ensign in charge.

The walls of the structure are boarded, covered with canvas outside, a layer of ice paper assists in excluding the cold, and the inside walls are covered with ordinary wall paper. The roof is a double canvas one, and a stove in the centre of the building keeps it warm as toast.

"We make so warm for them that they are glad to get out into the cold air sometimes," said the Ensign. The Salvation Army expect to build a more modern hall this year."

LOCAL LEAD ON.

Brantford.—In the absence of the Adjutant, Mr. Habkirk led the meetings on Saturday and Sunday, assisted by the Local Officers, Bandmen, and Soldiers of the Corps. After the meeting on the Market on Saturday, the meeting inside was led by Songster-Leader Johnson, who started a "call" testimony meeting. The holiness meeting being taken in a very sparing manner by Bandmaster Noell. Mrs. Habkirk reading the lesson and giving a valuable address. In the afternoon the meeting in the Citadel was led by Band Secretary Neil with great success. The Band took charge of the evening meeting.

GENEROUS WESTERNERS.

The good-hearted people of Brandon were especially generous to us at Christmas time. We were enabled to hand out over eighty big baskets, which contained altogether, about four hundred meals. If anybody went hungry in Brandon on that occasion it was their own fault. Ensign Habkirk is working with the local authorities, and efficiently meeting all needy cases.

We are looking forward to the visit of Commissioner Cadman, Brigadier Giffitt, and last, but not least, Captain McGrath, the man of Bands.—E.

Behind the Prison Bars.

(Continued, from page 3.)

We have never seen a man so bad that there was not some good in him, and we have never seen a man so good that there was not some bad in him.

A delightful old poet beautifully describes this sentiment when he says:—

'In men, whom men pronounce ill;

'In men, whom men pronounce divine,

'We find so much of sin and blot,

'We hesitate to draw the line
Between the two, when God has
not.'

The Army folk are not sentimentalists. There is a certain class of delinquents, who are commonly termed the Impostor and fakir, and, in dealing with that class, firmness is kindness, and I know of no other person who is more astute and more keen to size up the impostor than a trained Officer of The Army.

At our place, as Colonel Pugmire has told you, the latch-string is always on the outside. Sometimes the boys complain that we keep it there; but the Army Officers are free to enter our Prisons without question, and they spend hours daily in going along the galleries from cell to cell, talking with the men, finding out their present condition, their past history, their family relations, their future prospects, and if they have a wife or children suffering in this city or in any other part of the country. And then what an immense advantage we find in The Army, with its magnificent organisation extending throughout the length and breadth of this Province. An organisation so complete, that if we have men going out this week—as we are very likely to have—they may go to any town or village in the Province, and if they require assistance when they reach their destination, it will be found that The Army has written to its Officers in that place, and the men will be met and provided for.

In this respect they have an organization that exceeds anything I know of, and I have had the privilege, within the past few weeks of recommending some of the largest prisons to the United States to admit The Army, that they may establish the same kind of work there which they are doing so successfully here.

In dealing with our men, those in no religious denomination to-day that the men will go to as readily, that the men will place as much confidence in, and appeal to as willingly, and rely upon so implicitly, as they do upon The Salvation Army. Now, that is no reflection upon the Churches—I do not intend it as such, but I do mean to say this, that it is plainly demonstrated fact that the submerged tenth feel and realise The Salvation Army is out for them, as no other religious denomination is.

Then, what help The Army Officers in their work, is the personal contact with the people they are trying to assist. It is a simple thing—it is a comparatively easy thing for people of means to put their hands in their pockets and give money; but it is an entirely different thing to follow that gift into a poor home, and sweeten it with the fragrance of a personal kindness.

Human nature craves for friendship. Kingsley was once asked the secret of his success, his answer

life, and his great reply was "I have a friend." The humanity of our Saviour as He approached Gethsemane was no exception to this rule. Our Saviour yearned for a friend whom He could rely upon, to wait and watch while He endured, and expressed it in that pathetic request to drowsy Peter and his sleepy comrades.

It is the personal touch and the personal contact of The Army which gives them this immense power, and unfailing leverage with those who are down, and while The Army is doing all they can for the delinquent and the prisoner, and the delinquent's family, they are not resting there. They believe in regeneration, they believe in reformation, and at the same time their experience is such that they realise very clearly the best time at which to begin with humanity, is in childhood, and for that reason they have their Children's Homes dotted throughout the length and breadth of this country.

"One of the world's great minds has said, 'When we have seen the misery of man we have seen nothing until we have seen the misery of woman, and when we have seen the misery of woman we have seen nothing, until we have seen the misery of childhood.'

I know of no class of suffering that appeals more to the human heart and human sympathies than the suffering of the innocent, helpless child, and I know of no greater work than that which The Army is carrying on, to care for and protect those hundreds and hundreds of dependent and helpless children. I would not have you think to-night that because The Army is doing its grand work in the prisons, that you can afford to neglect the boys and girls. Some months ago, I was attending a large meeting of Prison Workers—Colonel Pugmire was there—at Albany in the United States. We were to be addressed on Sunday night by Professor Charles Henderson, Professor of Sociology in the University of Chicago. Professor Henderson has been engaged in this work for a quarter of a century, and he is the author of ten or twelve of the best works that have been published on this subject. He has visited all the large prisons on this continent. He has visited many of the large prisons in England, Ireland and Scotland, and throughout the Continent of Europe. I know of no man who has studied this subject so thoroughly and so completely, and so vigorously as Dr. Henderson. Consequently, when he comes to address our Prison Congress we always go to hear him with immense interest, and, as we went in listen to Dr. Henderson on this particular occasion at Albany, we were anxious to know what his subject would be, and after the preliminary services were over, Dr. Henderson came out to announce his subject, and what, think you, it was? Was it the science of Psychology—was it the Reformation of the Criminal? No, Dr. Henderson's subject was "Back to the Children—Back to the Children—Back to the Children!"

"Mr. Mayor, ladies and gentlemen, let me again tell you, with the child to the place to begin. Prison life is contaminating under the best of influences. There has never been a

prison in existence so perfectly conducted but that it would spread contagion to those who came within its precincts. From what Inspector Archibald has told us here to-night, it is very evident that The Salvation Army is not only trying, but succeeding in keeping hundreds and hundreds every year in this city from entering our prison cells. That is grander, is greater, and better than saving them after they get there.

In speaking of children, I am most here to-night to tell you how to bring up your children. I would not dare to do so. We have a good many rules for bringing up children, and, strange to say, the best rule I have ever heard has been given by Mark Twain, the great humourist. We don't often go to Mark Twain to supply ideals, but Mark struck a bull's eye this time, for he says, 'The way to bring a child up in the way he should go is for the old man to go that way himself.'

I will appeal to my friend Governor Chambers to know if that will conflict with theology. (Governor Chambers—that's all right.)

Ladies and gentlemen, at this hour of the night, I could not take up any more time. I would gladly talk longer if time permitted, but Colonel Pugmire has got to speak, and I am anxious for you to hear my boy talk, and to see what you think. I have been for thirteen years connected with the Central Prison, and as I look back over those thirteen years of very imperfect work, there is one act that I have done which I always look to with satisfaction. I am not egotistical in saying this, and I know of nothing I have been able to do that has given me more satisfaction, more unalloyed pleasure, than being able to admit Colonel Pugmire and his workers to the Central Prison. I have no words here to-night to tell you how valuable their help is to us, and today, if we had to conduct the prison without the aid of The Salvation Army, I should certainly feel lost."

(Concluded next week.)

RESCUE OFFICERS LEAD ON.

On Sunday, January 17th, the meeting at Montreal, Vt., were led by Mrs. Adjutant Payne, Adjutant Beckstead, and Edna Strand, of the Women's Rescue Home. Although the gathering in the afternoon was rather small owing to the severe weather, yet we had a good time.

At night the Spirit of God was upon us. The meeting was well attended. Mrs. Adjutant Payne spoke from the third chapter of Revelation, 1st verse, "I know thy works." Many were made, conviction, and one backslider returned to the fold. We believe that a great impression was made upon every one present.

In the prayer meeting, Edna Strand's solo singing was very much appreciated.—Lieutenant Laing.

M. P. GIVES ADDRESS.

Forest.—We recently had Mr. Armstrong, M. P., with us. He gave a splendid address on Army work in Old London, as seen by himself. The Town Hall was granted to us free, and a good crowd came along.

The Captain, with the assistance of the Soldiers, disposed of seven hundred Christmas Crys. The Secretary alone sold one hundred. Box of all, we captured three solo reciters. Corps Cor. or assistant.

Imprisoned Under a Ship's Keel.

A Striking Story, Showing the Dangers Men Sometimes Undergo When Earning Their Daily Bread.



With the Ship's Keel Pressing Down Upon Me From Above, I Was as Securely Trapped as a Fly in a Spider's Web."

OME of the adventures met with by members of the diving fraternity are briefly chronicled in the newspapers from time to time, but very few, comparatively speaking, ever come to light, and regard them as "all in the day's work," and hold their peace concerning them. The story related in the following, is taken from the "Wide World Magazine" and the narrative is given as nearly as possible in the diver's own words.

I was directed by my employers, the Ipswich Dock Commissioners, to examine the bottom of a French barque, the "General Bolodofle," then lying in the Ipswich Docks, which had arrived a day or two previously with a cargo of grain from San Francisco. She was a fine vessel, but had, on her recent voyage, sprung a slight leak, and it was the location and extent of this that I had to discover.

I was compelled to have my diving barge, from which I always descended, on the side nearest the quay, as, on the other side, the ship was being unjoined. I descended in about twenty feet of water, and was soon busy in my endeavours to locate the faulty parts.

I was not long in discovering the cause of the trouble—some rivets had worked free, allowing the stern-post to become loose. Having made a thorough survey of the whole of the ship's bottom, to make certain that the damage was not more extensive, I commenced the work of repair. Things went on quite satisfactorily both morning and afternoon on the Monday, and also on Tuesday morning. The work was indeed progressing fast, but on Tuesday afternoon there came a set-back which nearly cost me my life.

Everything was all right and in order when I descended at two o'clock on that never-to-be-forgotten afternoon. I have already explained that, owing to the fact that the cargo was being discharged at the time, I was compelled to place my diving barge between the vessel and the quay. As I found the leek to be on the other side, this made my task rather more awkward; I had to crawl right underneath the bottom of the ship before I could reach the damaged area. This had not hitherto impeded my progress, however, as there was no less than three feet of water

needed with difficulty in getting my head and arms through the opening, but suddenly something seemed to seize hold of my left leg, preventing me from making any further progress. Mystified, I tried to back, to see what this obstacle could be, only to discover that I was securely anchored to the bottom of the dock by what appeared to be, so far as I could ascertain by the "feel" of it, a tangle of old wire-cable, lying half-buried in the mud. Annoyed at the delay, I did all I could to extricate myself, but to my dismay, found it utterly impossible to do so; what with the ship's keel pressing me from above, the thick, clinging mud below, and the wire holding me behind, I was as securely trapped as a fly in a spider's web. Directly I realised my predicament, I pulled the communication cord six times—the danger-signal amongst divers—thinking that what my own efforts had failed to accomplish, my men above might do by main force. They immediately tried to pull me up, but in spite of repeated efforts on their part and on my own, I still remained firmly fixed in the wire coils of that wire death-trap. Four strong men were putting forth their utmost efforts to hoist me to the surface, and, in spite of my diving costume, I could distinctly feel the strain that was being brought to bear to release me from my precarious position.

By this time, of course, those at the surface realised that something was amiss with me, and I afterwards learned that quite a crowd of people had collected on board the diving-barge to assist or offer suggestions, and grave doubts were expressed as to whether I could be rescued in time to save my life.

I repeatedly pulled the life-line in order to notify them that I was still all right, and also continued to struggle desperately for "freedom." Though of my wife and children, hardly unconscious of my present peril, urged me to persist in my efforts, though all I seemed able to do was to stir up vast quantities of mud; the cable still held me as firmly as ever. Before I had been under water many minutes, I fell as if I had been hit, and lay over on my back. After about an hour had really elapsed, although it seemed to me no much longer—I commenced to wonder whether I should ever see daylight again. Up to this time, although I fully realised my danger, I had not thought of the possibility of death, but during the progress of the second hour, my ideas commenced to undergo a complete change, and I began to despair. It was all over, I told myself; I was doomed to die miserably down under the ship's keel. Then, making an effort, I threw off this *"deadly feeling,"* and once more struggled violently to release myself, but the only result was that I managed to kick off one of my boots.

Although my struggles, combined with the efforts which were being put forth from above, were in the end successful, yet, at the same time, they nearly resulted in my death during the last few minutes I was under water. As a result of my frantic endeavours to get free, my helmet had become firmly fixed in the mud, and although I tried in every possible

way to get it clear again, I was unable to do so. To make matters worse, my exhaust pipe also became jammed in the mud, and this had the effect of preventing the foul air escaping. Instead, the water commenced to trickle slowly into my helmet. Directly I discovered what was happening, all hope vanished from my mind, for I knew only too well, that unless the people on the diving-barge were successful in hoisting me to the surface during the next few minutes, I should die a horrible death from suffocation.

Oh the agony of those last moments! Before another three minutes had passed away I began to experience great difficulty in breathing, and as the seconds slipped by this difficulty became greatly intensified. Meanwhile, the water continued to ooze in slowly, creeping with maddening persistency farther and farther up, and I knew it would not be long before my helmet became quite full. Which way was the rate? I wondered, dulling the water or the foul air? Should I immediately lose consciousness before the end came, or should I fight a last dreadful battle for breath? Fortunately, perhaps for my reason, I began to lose consciousness under these trying conditions, and in the lethargy that was creeping over me I did not seem to possess sufficient energy or will power to continue signalling to those above, although I had at frequent intervals pulled the cord during the last two hours, in order to notify them that I was still alive.

When the water first commenced to enter my helmet, my thoughts, as I have said, were of a most agonising description. But now that unconsciousness was coming upon me, my feelings were of a very different character. I did my best for anything, and was little bothered whether I lived or died. In fact, in my stupor ceased, and I remained quite still, prepared for death. I felt perfectly contented at this stage, and even seemed to derive a certain amount of satisfaction and peace from the knowledge that I was doomed.

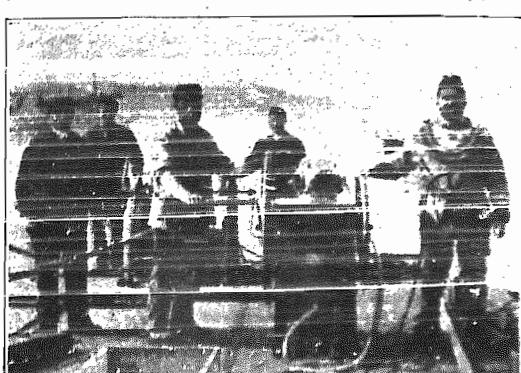
I remember no more until I suddenly felt a violent jerk and a minute afterwards knew that I was lying on my back on the diving-carpe, with the sky above me. I heard a far-away voice say, "How are you George?" and answered, faintly, "All right," but immediately lost consciousness again. Blood poured freely from my ears and nose for some minutes, but a doctor who had been summoned some time before, soon succeeded in stopping this. My lungs were taken off and a stimulant administered, artificial respiration also being resorted to. These efforts resulted in my slowly coming round again; it was a quarter past four when I awoke, having been under water two hours and fifteen minutes. During the whole of this time they had been endeavouring to pull me to the surface, and if my release had been delayed more than another minute or two at most, it would have been too late. All hope of recovering me alive had been given up when my signals ceased, those on the barge thinking that life was already extinct.

In some unknown way I had luckily become free of the wire with which I had been entangled and this, also, I consider, for, as already related, I came to the surface with a

I was soon assisted home and put to bed, and a quiet day was quite myself again, although during this time I suffered severely from pain in the back of my head and neck. However, I was soon at work within a fortnight, apparently ready for my terrible adventure again. I assure you that during the remainder of my diving career I shall escape a repetition of any such experience.

On Saturday and Monday we at Lister's for the weekend, January 5th and 6th. Their meetings were a blessing and a help to those who were present.

Captain Bunting, the G. B. M. man, conducted a salvation meeting on Monday night. The last service on Tuesday night was well attended, and was very much enjoyed by the crowd present.



The Diver is the Man Who Was Under the Ship.

OUR INTERNATIONAL NEWS LETTER.

THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF.

It has been arranged for the Chief of the Staff to visit Amsterdam from February 14th to the 16th, in order to conduct Councils for Field and Local Officers.

DENMARK.

Self-Denial. Denmark has succeeded in raising Kr. 40,699.00 for Self-Denial, as against Kr. 40,282.00 last year. Several members of the Danish Royal Family, and also visiting Royal personages, contributed to the Self-Denial Fund.

Christmas Food Distribution. This year one thousand food baskets have been distributed to poor families in Copenhagen, each basket containing sufficient food for five persons, so that five thousand people in all, were fed. The King of Denmark sent a message saying he regretted he would be unable to be present at the distribution of the baskets, but he would give a donation to the Fund.

His Majesty was seen to contribute to one of the Christmas "pots" which are placed in the streets for collecting money on behalf of the poor, and which are watched over by our Officers.

Soul-Saving Campaign. During a week's special soul-saving campaign at a Corps in one of the poorest Districts in Copenhagen, sixty-nine persons sought salvation.

SWEDEN.

Re-inforcements for South America. Four lieutenants, newly commissioned from the Swedish Training Home

Promoted to Glory.

MARIE CHANDLER, OF CHARLOTTEVILLE,

Our precious comrade, after quite a long illness, died in Presidente's bed, returning to her home in the great City of the Shadow. There is now in our hearts and tears in our eyes but after helplessly watching herreste away, suffering torments of continual pain for so many weeks, there is a strange gladness that the Great Heart of Love has relieved her of it all, and taken her to Himself, to be with us were well, but to be with Jesus were "far better."

Marie's growth in grace was as the unfolding of a beautiful flower; first, the green bud, then the colour, and then, as the pure petals were beginning to open into full beauty, the bud was plucked to adorn the bosom of her Lord.

As a faithful junior, as Librarian and teacher, as reader for the drill troupe, in her path of initiation, and later, as a sister of the Corps, she grew from bud to blossom and in our hearts, whilst always the fragrant fragrance of her life.

"Ignew, an year by year we lose Friends out of sight, in faith to know; How grows in paradise our store

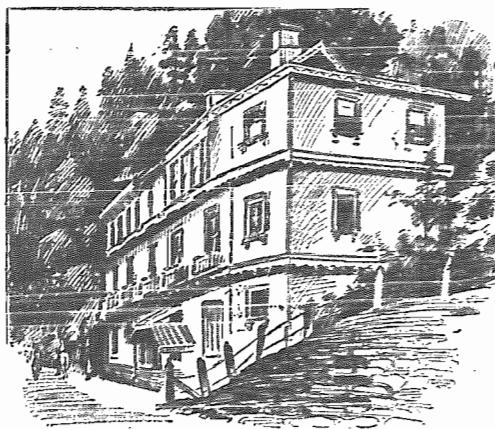
—Keblo.

MRS. VAN ALLEN, OF MORRISBURG,

One of our friends, in the person of Mrs. Van Allen, passed peacefully away on Monday, January 4th, after over two years of suffering.

Just before our Sister passed away she chose a text for the funeral service: "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit." (Rom. viii, 1.)

The funeral service was conducted in our Hall, which was well filled. Many were moved to tears during the service.



The Salvation Army Headquarters, Simla, India.

—two men and two women—are about to sail for South America, to re-inforce the comrades fighting on that difficult ground.

—

NORWAY.

Advanced Training. The Advanced Training system is being started, 45 Officers taking the lessons as a commencement. Major Tandberg is looking after this branch, in addition to his duties in the Enquiry and Extension Department.

FRANCE.

A Talk With Two Gendarmes. Staff-Captain Roguine, when travelling all

A husband and two children are left to mourn their loss. Much sympathy is felt towards Brother Van Allen and his two daughters.—T. J. Meeks, Ensign.

FATHER SHAVE, OF BURIN.

Death has visited Burin, and taken from our midst one of our Soldiers—Father Shave. Our dear comrade had been a Soldier of this Corps for quite a number of years, serving in many conflicts, won by God's help many victories, and now, after about two months' illness in which our comrade suffered very much, he has been promoted from this world of toil and care to his home in Heaven.

The funeral service was conducted by Captain Grundy on Sunday December 27th. Over three hundred persons attended the service to pay their last respects to our departed comrade. He was a faithful Soldier, and we know that our loss is heaven's gain.

We pray that God may bless and comfort the bereaved ones.—W. A. Abbott, Lieutenant.

THE WIFE OF THE SERGEANT-MAJOR.

Musset Harbour Arm.—On December 23rd, the wife of our Sergeant-Major was taken from this earth to her home in hell. Captain Keegan conducted the funeral service which was very impressive and largely attended.

May God bless the surviving ones.—A. R.

SISTER MRS. COLLINS, OF PARADE SOUND.

One of our faithful Sisters, Sister Mrs. Collins, has been called to her home on high. Little did we think they so soon should we be called to say farewell to this comrade, who was sick but a short time. She left a glorious testimony behind.

An Army funeral was given our

night from Bordeaux to Lyons, entered a compartment where two constables were accompanying a prisoner to Lyons. She talked to them about The Army's work, and gave them a copy of the "En Avant." When getting out of the train, the men remarked, "Well, miss, the journey did not seem long to us."

—

SWITZERLAND.

Soul-Saving News. Soul-saving work continues in every Swiss town.

Colonel Cooke has

had 1000 men in his meetings at St. Gall.

Upon the visit of First-Colonel and

promoted comrade, and the memorial service, held the following Sunday, saw two more visiting the Battalion.

—

SISTER MRS. PIERCY, OF SCILLY COVE.

Death has again visited Scilly Cove and has claimed for us another Sister Mrs. Piercy. For the past few months she was very unwell and now all is over.

She always led a perfect trust in God, and was a clear testimony that she was soon in travail with Jesus.

We fare her a real Army funeral.

We sympathize with the bereaved family and the two children, who are left without a parent to sustain them.

—

Hungered for Hell.

(Continued from page 6)

were fed by The Army last week and this week. It is now clear. No longer do we see in each of the Social Institutions in Europe this sign, printed to hold black letters: "Please Committeed. Apply to the Captain" It was the New Year gift to humanity in 1906, this Scheme for increasing self-government.

He tells us of The Army's "Transfer of Population" work, how they are working here and out of city walls; how they are helping here a host of women by feeding them and by education. Now these are shifting thousands from out of the narrow streets of London to the wide, airy air of Western Canada, how they have made men here, there, and everywhere—but never boastfully, always "by God's grace," now, by God's grace, they are now at work on a plan for helping the lonely.

"Loneliness. Did you ever think what sorrow and sin come of it?" he asks. "In every city are thousands of lonely persons, not always poor, but without a family or friends. They have no place to go where a friendly speech may be found. We want to

Mrs. Gauntlett to a new Corps in German-Switzerland, the brother of an Officer and his wife, and an ex-Captain and his wife, with their four children, all came to the peculiar form. The eldest son of this latter couple had been dedicated in The Army when a baby.

Women's Shelter — Geneva. The Department of Justice, of the Police in Geneva, has made a grant of Fr. 250 for heating the Women's Shelter in that town.

MALTA.

New Naval and Military Home. The new Naval and Military Home is being well patronised. As additional help is required, Lieutenant Robert Wilson, of the British field has been selected, and will be proceeding to Malta very shortly.

JAPAN.

Women Officers Visiting England. Two Japanese women comrades—Captain Koto and Capt. Takamatsu are now on their way to England to take part in the coming Session at the International Training Homes.

SOUTH AMERICA.

Sailors' Home at Ingeniero White. A second story is being added to this Institution in order to provide additional accommodation which is much needed. The Southern Railway Company has given a donation of £1000 towards the cost of the alteration.

The wife shall inherit glory; but shame shall be the promoter of both.

give them clubs where they can get this, where they can find congenial work. If this is right it is.

This is the Army's first move in this field, apart from the "mud and scum of justice"; it has also done much for the rich, however. This among present sons and daughters, it has been the great "lost and found" column for such wanderers, and thousands of times has it returned them to us, became parents, not only safe and sound, but fitted for the line of duty. So it has worked for the rich as well as the poor. It never questions the pocket, but the heart.

From the cruise beginning in the deserted burying-ground, it has branched in all directions, blossoming in the true pokeweed and the violet cap in nearly every country under the sun.

Intense Love for Mankind. See and hear the old warrior as its load, and you have the human secret of its vast success. Read the last chapter of the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, and you know the rest. The eagle face and towering form seem already to reflect the light of another morning. The first glow of the final sunrise falls athwart the mountain of a man who hungered for God.

When we answer the last roll call there can be none over him no better tribute than this, printed a few months ago in the Nagoya Daily News, a Japanese journal professing Buddhism: "It was not the general poverty and blunder of the London slums that made this forgotten man work, visitation and prayer did not touch him. His was a state of mind of Aridity. It was the miserable condition of the souls of men and women, and his burning desire to save them from eternal destruction, that set fire to his intense love for mankind."

The Outlook, New York.

There is no good cheer better than the cheer that comes from giving good or for other.

The Story of a Might-Have-Been.

This is a human document of great interest. It describes the story of a young man who became a Salvationist, and ought to have been an Officer, but his parents were against The Army. He became a backslider, an outlaw, and was shot dead by a sheriff's posse under most exciting circumstances.



"He Went to His Father's Office."

CHAPTER IX. A YOUNG MAN'S VISION.

MRS. PARKER was overjoyed at the result of the minister's interview with Will, and lost no time in acquainting her husband with the news, when he returned from the office that day. As a consequence, Mr. Parker was extremely affable with his son that evening, and treated him as if it were a foregone conclusion that he would act upon the minister's advice. This entirely put Will off his guard, and before he retired that night he had promised to accompany his father to his office the next day and commence to take an active part in the business, Mr. Parker deeming it prudent to get him into harness as quickly as possible, before he had time to change his mind.

In spite of his decision to fall in with his father's views, Will passed a wretched night. Being unable to sleep, he thought he would get up and read his Bible for a while. He turned to the Gospel of Matthew, and read about the crucifixion and resurrection of Jesus, and his heart was wonderfully stirred within him. The story had become real to him now, formerly he had known only a bit of Jewish history, but, in his opinion, not nearly so interesting as the story of the conquest of Canada. Now he realized what that old Gospel meant to the world. Kneeling by faith at the foot of the Cross, he had laid his hands on the One who hung and suffered there, and by faith he understood that that same Jesus had risen from the dead and ascended to Heaven to intercede for all before the Father's throne. As in a vision, he then saw the world's need of such a Saviour, One who could forgive men's sins and give them power on earth to live a godly and righteous life. He seemed to see the Godless, careless sinners and the proud worldly religious folks of his own town pass before him. "Who will warn them of their danger?" spoke a voice in his heart. A vast host of sin-stained wreathes then seemed to pass before him—both men and women, drunkards, thieves, harlots, gamblers, the underworld of the North American Continent—and again he heard the Voice.

Then he seemed to see the millions upon millions who bow down to idols of wood and stone, and their hands seemed to be stretched out to him appealingly, as if they were saying, "Come over and help us." The

ages of South America, the black races of Africa, the poor suffering Hindoos and the yellow millions of China and Japan, all seemed to have some sort of a claim upon him.

Once upon a time he had been intensely interested in all these far off peoples on account of their peculiar ways and customs. He had been delighted to read the books of travellers amongst the heathen nations of the world, but regarded the people they wrote about in much the same manner as he did the curious animals at some Zoological Gardens he once visited. Now, with his soul illuminated by the Spirit of God, he saw that these millions of idol worshippers were immortal souls, groping in the darkness of spiritual night, millions of them passing away each day without God and without hope. Again he heard the Voice, and the words this time were like unto those heard by the prophet Isaiah, "Whom shall I send, and who

will go for us?"

Still more did Will see on that fatal night. As his mind travelled rapidly over earth's expanse, he saw

Trembling with emotion at the vividness of the vision, Will lay on his knees and groaned aloud. Truly was the prophecy of Joel fulfilled in his case, "Your young men shall see visions."

"O, Lord," he cried out, "I am not fitted for such a mission, I cannot go."

Just then he glanced once more at the open Bible beside him. He had not finished reading the last chapter and so he took it up once again.

"All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth," he read, and instantly he thought of the words the Zechariah had once heard, "Not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit saith the Lord of hosts."

"Then what will you have me to do, Lord?" he said. The Spirit prompted him to read the next verse and he read, "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations."

For a long time Will lay on the floor in a sort of stupor. He was fighting the battle of his life.

Finally he arose and crept into bed, but the great question was still undecided, and the results were disastrous. Had he been obedient to the heavenly vision he might have had a glorious career of soul-saving triumphs, and this story would never have been written. As it was, he drew back in spirit on that Jesu night, and refused to bear the Cross which was held out to him by Jesus.

Outwardly, no one observed much difference in him. He became a valued helper to his father, and a prominent religious worker in the town. Very often he attended The Army meetings, but whenever the Captain spoke to him about Officership, he would smile and say, "I have made my bed, Captain, and must lie upon it."

By and bye a new Officer came, and the subject was dropped altogether. Mr. and Mrs. Parker and the minister often conversed together upon the success of their combined efforts, and reckoned that they had come off with flying colors.

It was during this period that Will began to feel the pull of the flesh.

He was a member of the Salvation Army, and their banners were Anarchy, Infidelity, Agnosticism, Theosophy, Spiritualism, Christian Science, Ecclesiasticism, and many other strange mottoes. They were the enemies of Christ in the civilised portions of the globe. Within the city, many soldiers were to be seen clad in shining armour. They defended the city day and night from the assaults of the enemy, and their flashing swords and rifles upon them,

the dispersed of Israel in every corner, as sheep without a shepherd, and, with a veil before their faces.

Who was to show them that they were but a shadow of the true? Then he saw the Sacred City of Mecca, and for every quarter of the globe worshippers turned their faces towards it, and called upon God and Mohammed his prophet. He saw this fearful power was spreading in all directions, enslaving the ignorant tribes of Central Africa, and the fanatical hill men of Central Asia alike, and bloodshed and cruelty followed in its train.

Who was there among all the Lord's people, to stand in the breach and stem this terrible tide?

Last of all he saw a torn and ruined city. Its bulwarks were salvation and its gates pride, and he knew it represented Christianity.

Great hosts were marching against this city, and among them their banners were

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"Come over and help us."



"Don't Look So Sour, She Said."

"The Word of God." All their operations were directed by the Spirit of the Living God, but Will saw that whole companies were uselessly hurling against the foe because the captains neglected to get their orders from their Great Commander. He also saw that many were deserting to the enemy, while many fell wounded in the battle.

"Christ needs more warriors in the battle," again said the Voice, "men who count not their own lives dear, but will willingly leave all to follow Him. Men who will obey His commands, and will not lend to their own understanding. Faithful men, who will fight in the power of the Spirit, and thus circumvent the wiles of Satan. God calls you to the front of the battle—Will you go?"

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she condescended to stop and exchange a few words with him. In the course of conversation she let it slip out that the man about to become engaged to Charley Easton. Then Will woke up to the fact that he was fonder of pretty Miss Mabel than he thought he was.

A few days later he met her again at a garden party with Charley, and the sight stirred feelings of jealousy within him. He determined to "cut out" his rival if possible, and so took every opportunity of dancing attendance on Mabel, and made himself as pleasant and agreeable as he could, an art in which he excelled. Having persuaded Mabel to accompany him for a short walk during the afternoon, he told her in a very blunt way of his own love for her, and asked if she would not prefer to marry him instead of Charley.

A contemptuous smile passed over the girl's face, as she answered, "You had your chance once, Will, and foolishly threw it away. I confess I did think something of you before—before—you know what—but since that time, all my regard for you seems to have evaporated, or something. No, I love dear old Charley too well now, to ever think of giving him up, especially for such a serious sort of chap as you. I don't think I'd enjoy life much if I had to spend it in your company, Mr. Saint, though I like you sometimes, you know, when you try to make yourself agreeable, so let that console you. Now, don't look so sour, or people will think we've been quarrelling. Take me back to the house, please, and I promise not to say a word to Charley, or else he'll want to see you, or do something dreadful, I'm sure."

Poor Will had winced more than once under the lash of her words, but he made no reply, and silently walked by her side till they reached the house. Then he said good-by, and went off for a walk by himself. When he came back, an intent observer could have read in his eyes that he had made up his mind to do something. He expressed his determination to his father in a very brief sentence. It was this:

"Father, I'm going West."
(To be continued.)

MISSING.

To Parents, Relations and Friends

WANTED—A young man in part of the above description, about 25 years of age, 5 ft. 7 in., brown hair, blue eyes; short and stout and healthy. Born in Bridgen, Ont. Left home in March, 1904. Last heard from Trenton, Mich. Was working in brick-yard. Mother enquires.

7051 LILY, ALBERT. Came to Canada about three years ago. Was in Toronto in 1905, and then came to Toronto, Ont. Grandmother enquires.

7052 TAYLOR, ALEXANDER. Age 25; black hair; blue eyes; short and stout and healthy. Born in Bridgen, Ont. Left home in March, 1904. Last heard from Trenton, Mich. Was working in brick-yard. Mother enquires.

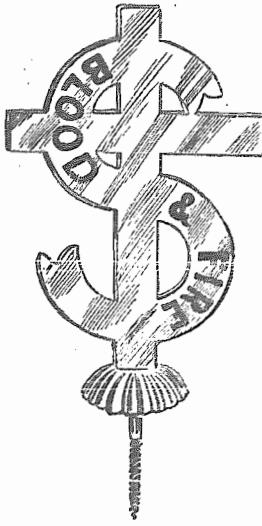
7053 KINNON, T. S. (or T. McKinney), age 22; height 5 ft. 6 in.; brown hair; blue eyes; ruddy complexion. Native of Glasgow. Was working at the Palace Mills, Hamilton, about three years ago. News wanted.

7054 BUTTE, JOHN HENRY. At Harbour Grace, Nfld. Age 49; height 5 ft. 8 in.; light hair; brown eyes and dark complexion. When last heard from in New York. Mother anxious.

7055 OLSEN, K. A. M. Norwegian. Age 25; tall; light hair and dark, with blue eyes. Came to Canada two and a half years ago, and has since been engaged in a railway company, and last address was at a camp near Montague, P. O. Quebec. He worked at Moisagney, May, 1904. Montreal, P. O. Mother anxious.

7056 EDWARDS, W. F. Beard of from Vancouver, March 9th, 1905. He has been here over four years, and was born by both his Christian parents Fred and something. Age 28; height 5 ft. 10 in.; ruddy complexion and slight chest. Father very ill.

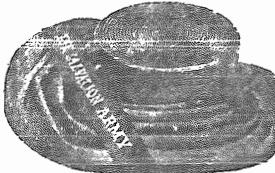
BONNETS, HATS AND FLAG POLE HEADS.



NEW FLAG POLE HEADS.
Beautifully finished and Polished. In Solid Brass, with the words "Blood and Fire" in Red Letters. Height, 7½ in.
Price, \$7.75 each, net.

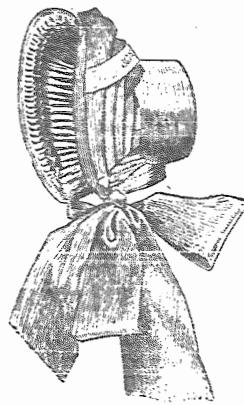
Ditto, Silver-plated—Price, \$2.50 each, net.

They are going, going, going day by day, in a way that keeps interest at an exciting pitch right along. We have every reason to be grateful for the patronage received, and in return we are aiming at more prompt and efficient service constantly. Give us a trial!



LADIES' SUMMER HAT.

Ladies' Summer Hats, Canton Straw, trimmed dark blue, roll of silk under the brim, sizes 4, 5 and 6.....	\$4.00
Ladies' Summer Hats, Chip Straw, trimmed dark blue, roll of silk under brim, sizes 4, 5 and 6.....	\$2.75
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Tunes.—I hear Thy welcome voice,
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Called from above I rise,
And wash away my sin;
The stream to which my spirit flies,
Can make the foulest clean.

Deep in my soul I feel
The living waters spring;
And joy the wondrous news to tell,
And full salvation sing.

My thirsty spirit craves
No lesser joy than this;
To know that Jesus fully saves,
And I am fully His.

Tune.—Anything for Jesus, B.B. 206.

2 Jesus, precious Saviour,
Thou hast saved my soul;
From sin's foul corruption
Made me fully whole;
Every hour I'll serve Thee,
Whate'er may befall,
Till in heaven I crown Thee,
King and Lord of all.

In the toils and conflicts,
Faithful I will be;
All things I will gladly bear,
They'll be good for me;
To be a saviour of mankind,
Slaves of sin to bring;
Give me holy courage,
Mighty, mighty King.

War and Testimony.

Tune.—Ring the bell, watchman, 269;
Song Book, No. 528.

3 Come, join our Army, to battle
we go,
Jesus will help us to conquer the
foe;
Defending the right, and opposing the
wrong.
The Salvation Army is marching
along.

Chorus.

Marching along, we are marching
along,
The Salvation Army is marching
along.
Soldiers of Jesus, be valiant and
strong,
The Salvation Army is marching
along.

Come, join our Army, the foe must
be driven;
To Jesus, our Captain, the world shall
be given.
If hell shall surround us, we'll press
through the throng;
The Salvation Army is marching
along.

Come, join our Army, and do not
delay;
The time for enlisting is passing
away;
The battle is ragtag, but victory
will come,
The Salvation Army is marching
along.

Tune.—Down where the living, B.B.
B.B., 224.

4 Once I was far in sin,
But Jesus took me in,
Down where the living waters flow;
"Twang, there! He gave no sight,
And let me see the light,
Down where the living waters flow.

With Jesus at my side,
I need no other guide,
Down where the living waters flow;
He is my Hope and Stay,
His saving me every day,
Down where the living waters flow.

Salvation.

Tunes.—Ready to die: Are you
washed?

5 There is life for a look at the
Crucified One,
There is life at this moment
for thee;
Then look, sinner—look unto Him
and be saved—
Unto Him who was nailed to the
tree.

KINGSVILLE THE COMMISSIONER WILL VISIT

ESSEX
LIPPINCOTT STREET (Presbyterian Church, corner College and Bathurst)
TEMPLE (Commissioning of Cadets)

Thursday, January 28
Friday, January 29
Church, corner
Thursday, February 4
Monday, February 8

THE SIMULTANEOUS Soul-Saving Campaign SPECIALS.

Commissioner Cadman,

The first Salvation Army Captain,
will conduct Great Soul-Saving
Meetings as follows:

NEW WESTMINSTER—January 29.
VANCOUVER I.—January 31, and
February 1.

NANAIMO—Tuesday, February 2nd.
VICTORIA—Wednesday, February
3rd.

EDMONTON—Saturday and Sunday,
February 6th and 7th.

WETASKIWIN—Monday, February
8th.

CALGARY—Tuesday, February 9th.

BRIGADIER ADDY

Will conduct Great Soul-Saving Meet
ings as follows:—

PORT ARTHUR AND FORT WIL-
LIAM—Saturday, January 30th, to
Monday, February 8th.

WINNIPEG—Wednesday, February
10th, to Monday, February 22nd.

GRANDON—Wednesday, February
24th, to Monday, March 1st.

BRIGADIER JOHN ROBERTS

Who has been an Officer over Thirty
years from Internationals Head-
quarters, will conduct

GREAT SOUL-SAVING MEETINGS

Campbellton—January 30th to Fe-
bruary 5th.

Montreal II.—Saturday, February 6th,
to February 15th.

Kingston—Wednesday, February 17th,
to February 22nd.

Belleville—Wednesday, February
24th, to March 1st.

Port Hope—Wednesday, March 3rd,
to March 8th.

MAJOR AND MRS T. PLANT.

From International Headquarters,
London, England; Musical Won-
ders, world-wide travellers, Song-
sters and Instrumentalists, will

visit the following Corps, conduct

ing a unique Musical Demonstra-
tion entitled, "Round the World is
a Chariot of Music and Song":—

Granbrook—January 28, 29.

Nelson—January 30, 31.

Rossland—February 2, 3.

Vernon, B.C.—February 6, 7, 8.

New Westminster—February 10, 11.

Vancouver II.—February 12.

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Captain Bunton, West Ont. Prov.—

Thiessburg, January 26; Simcoe,

Jan. 29, 31; Woodstock, February 1.

Brantford, Feb. 3; London II. Feb.

4; London I, Feb. 6; St. Thomas,

Feb. 6-8.

Captain Lloyd, West Ont. Prov.—

Brampton, January 26; Lindsay,

Jan. 29, 31; Peterborough, Feb. 1.

Kincardine, Feb. 3; Guelph, Feb.

4; Trenton, Feb. 5-7.

Captain Mannion, East Ont. Prov.—

Peterborough, January 26, 28; Port

Hope, Jan. 30, 31; Cobourg, Febru-

ary 1, 2; Picton, Feb. 3; Balaclava,

Feb. 4; Trenton, Feb. 5-7.

Captain Backus, East. Ont. Prov.—

Freightport, January 29; February 1.

Westport, Feb. 2; Yarmouth, Feb. 4;

Clarks Harbour, Feb. 5-7.

MISSING.

6 MRS. WENDOVER, ELLERY. Left home October 15th, and has not been seen or heard of since. Birth mark on right arm. This boy is about 5 ft. 8 in. in height; slight build; blue eyes; dark brown hair and deep dimples in both cheeks when he smiles. When he left home he wore a dark grey suit with leather breeches, pants, blue sweater without collar; black hose and black shoes. He is only 12 years old, but might be taken for 14 or 15. Father very anxious.

6 MRS. GAGE, MISS LEAH SALES and EDITH MARSHALL. Leah Sales is 27 years of age; height 5 ft.; dark brown hair and eyes; dark complexion; domestic servant. Edith Marshall; age 26; height 5 ft.; light eyes; dark hair and complexion; domestic servant. Sales was in Toronto, and Marshall was in Montreal. News wanted.